HAS AMERICAN BANDSTAND HAD IT?

DIG

ELVIS
CLANTON
FABIAN
Bobby RYDELL
AVALON

MAY 25c
THINK TWICE.

for teenagers only

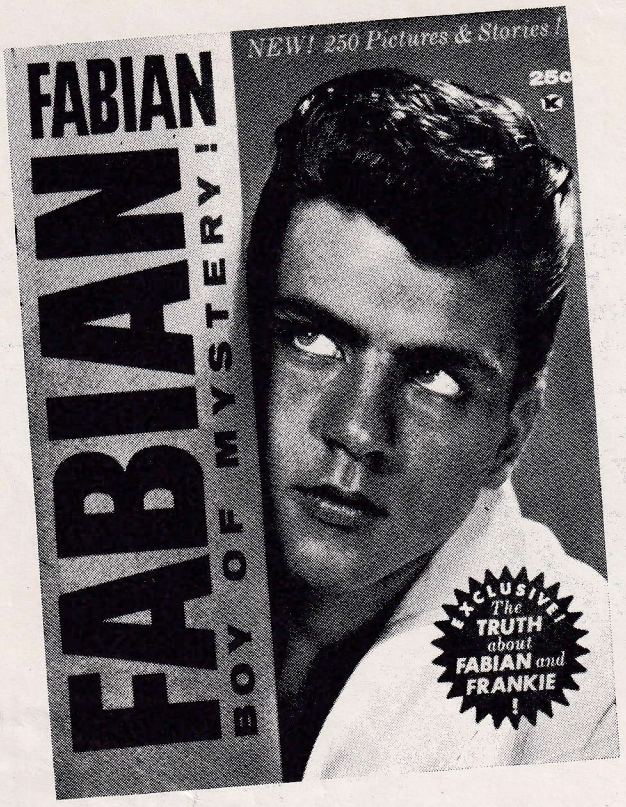
Should Teenagers Ever Be Spanked?

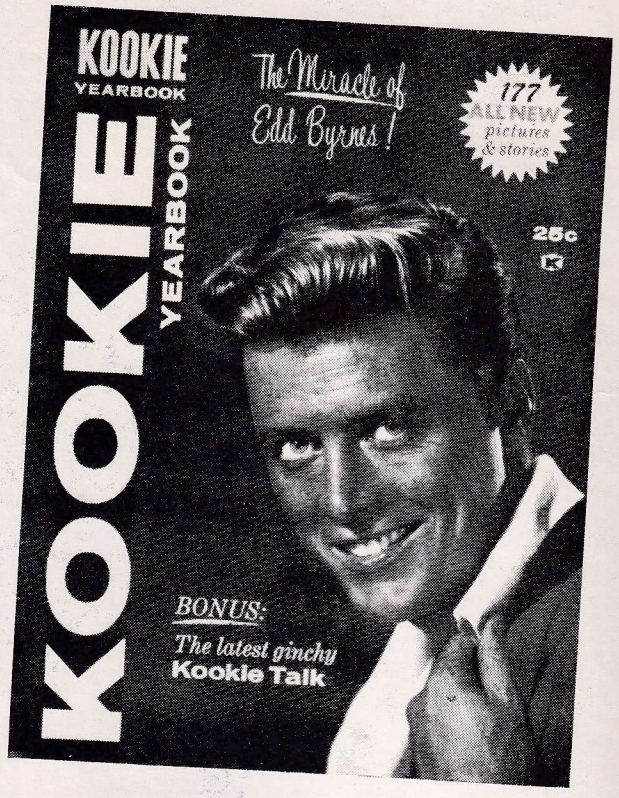
FIRST DATE: *How to say "Goodnight!"*

Mad Fads • Cool Cars

WIN AN ALLOWANCE FOR A WHOLE YEAR!

ROD LAUREN





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★ *32 Bonus Wallet Pix of FABIAN!*

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★ *177 ALL NEW Pictures and Stories!*

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I've enclosed 25c for each magazine I want. Send to:

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★ *MORE PICTURES * MORE FACTS * MORE FEATURES*

diggin' DIG *by Mother Trask*

■ *FOR CRYING IN A GNAT'S EAR!* They've done it again! They've put that stupid picture of an *eye* up there again instead of a picture of lovely me! And that isn't even my eye! All three of my eyes are a beautiful bright pink, and that eye is a common brown, as any idiot can plainly see!

✔ *YOU can plainly see that that eye is a common old brown, can't you dear one? — Trajen*

Of *course* I can!

✔ *It figures. — Trajen*

Oh, this is *perfect!* All I need is for *him* to stick *his* big yap in here! I've got as much privacy around here as Lady Godiva with a crew cut. And I wasn't even going to mention the Mopless Wonder this month. I was going to talk to you about those pictures of Wayne Scrivner in last month's Bull Session. Remember Wayne? Wasn't he the ginchiest? His only trouble is, he thinks he's the Easter Bunny. (Working here kind of gets to you after awhile.) Oh well, being the Easter Bunny is a seasonal thing, so I guess Wayne'll go back to being our chief envelope-stuffer and mistake-maker after Easter. If you'd like to see more of Wayne here in DIG, let us know. And if anyone'd like to buy him, I'll sell. Cheap.

• • •

ANNOUNCEMENTSVILLE: To all people who'd like to become papermates: DON'T! No, really, if you want to be a papermate, how about telling us some interesting things about yourself? Tell us your hobbies and the things you like and don't like and your peculiarities and your idiosyncrasies (I got those words from the dictionary, so I know they must be clean.) (I hope.) Putting it briefly, if you want to be a papermate, tell us about yourself, don't just send in your name and address! (We must have your pic, too, of course.) And to All Joke Sender-Inners: Pliz write your jokes on *postcards.* When you send in your jokes inside envelopes, they make me eat all the envelopes, and I'm stuffed!

✔ *Yeah, you old bird! — Editor*

Well, if it isn't old froth-mouth himself. I thought he was securely tied to a table in our new Eastern office. We're expanding because you've made us all rich and famous, and you should see the great view from DIG's new ritzy New York office. You can see all of Central Park. You don't even have to look out the window because the office is IN Central Park (second bench to your left). All the other teenage-magazine editors are out there too, feeding laxatives to the pigeons.

• • •

Hey, I almost forgot. I'm sponsoring my own contest, isn't that great? I want every single one of you to enter it, too, or I'll get you. It's called MOTHER TRASK'S COUNT THE MISTAKES CONTEST. All you have to do to enter is read every word of this ridiculous magazine, count all the mistakes (misspelled words, etc.) and the one who gets the right answer to me first wins a person-to-person telephone call from ME! Whaddyamean, that's no prize? Wouldn't you like to hear my sweet old voice coming to you (collect) through the receiver? Gee, thanks! No, all kidding aside. This is for real. Count up the mistakes, mail your entries to Mother Trask Contest, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. And if you win, you lucky soul, I promise on my mummy's pyramid that you'll receive that phone call. Plus ten dollars cash!

✔ *From the biggest mistake of them all! — Trajen*

• • •

I'm going to have to go now before I lose my marbles (and I have a big game coming up tomorrow), but before I go I better tell you that all of us around here still want your suggestions. You tell us what you'd like us to print in this miserable publication, and we'll print it. Just write your letter to Trajen himself, care of Letters To the Janitor, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California and tell the poor tool what you want to see in DIG. Then we'll get someone to read your letters to the poor, simple idiot. (He's long on sweeping, short on brains. You know how it is.) While you're at it you might write to our ridiculous editor and remind him you'd like to see my glamorous face back up there at the top of this column. What do you mean you don't want to see it? Well, if that's all the thanks I get for risking my life to come in and write all this garbage, this is your old Mother, Trask this is, telling little children everywhere to go smell exhaust pipes!

• • •

Catarrh!

It takes a
Pretty Head
to catch an eye!

The prettiest hair-dos are set with Flamingo Bob Pins. Neat rubber tips glide in like a dream... hold like mad night and day! 10c, 25c.

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*T.M. REG.

DIG's editorials

THE PLOT AGAINST TEENAGE DRIVERS

They're at it again. All across the nation, certain "adults" are trying to bring back a Keep-Teenagers-From-Driving campaign. They've done this before. These "adults" believe that no teenager, regardless of the circumstances, should be permitted to drive a car. They want laws passed to prohibit anyone under the age of 20 from ever getting behind a wheel. They want the driver education classes in our schools closed up. They want teenagers everywhere to stay out of cars, they want us to go back to bicycles, to walking, even to roller skates. Why do these "adults" feel this way? Because of the few rotten apples in the teenage barrel. We admit that some teenagers, a small minority, can't be trusted behind the wheel of an automobile. We admit that these few reckless teenagers have done some pretty terrible things with their automobiles. And we agree that they, the *few*, should not be allowed the privilege of driving. But DIG cannot agree that *all* teenagers are reckless, irresponsible speed-mad terrors behind the wheel of a car. To the contrary, we know that the great majority of teenagers respect an automobile, and respect the safety regulations which are essential to driving, as much as or more than most adults. We believe that the cancelling of teenagers' licenses would be a national disgrace. This magazine will do everything in its power, will use every weapon at its command, to see that such a thing never happens.

"ESQUIRE" LETS OFF STEAM

Esquire, the magazine for men, took an aim at teenagers (and at DIG) in their last issue. They printed an article about teenagers which was wonderfully written and unusually accurate. But, as usual with articles about teenagers, they really didn't try very hard to give us the benefit of the doubt. And the story they presented was once again a view of teenagers as seen by an "adult," rather than a completely objective view of teenagers as we actually are. *Esquire* also isn't convinced that DIG is the greatest magazine in the world, but we can forgive them for this obvious lack of insight. Leave us say only that we had always thought of *Esquire* as one of the most-accurate, best-written, best-printed magazines on the newsstands. After reading their excellent article on teenagers, we still do.

AMERICAN BANDSTAND: WHAT NOW?

Almost three years ago, the most popular teenage program ever to hit television flashed into view. It was, of course, American Bandstand, the show that made Dick Clark famous. People who saw the first few weeks of the show couldn't really see very much to it. It was "just a bunch of kids dancing to popular records, with a few words thrown in by the MC." They said it wouldn't last. But they were wrong. Bandstand became the wildest kind of success. Not only was the show popular, but many of the kids who danced on the program (the "regulars") became popular in their own right, and some of them even turned into national celebrities. But then two things happened. First, the payola scandals involving Dick Clark came as a genuine shock to millions of people. Second, interest in Bandstand had already started to lag on the part of many TV viewers even before the payola scandals broke. Even without knowing that many of the song "hits" were fakes, a large number of TV viewers had simply become tired of watching a "dance program" day after day. In short, even before the payola scandals, the novelty of Bandstand had begun to wear off. And there was one more thing. The rules originally set down by Dick Clark, concerning age limits of the regulars and publicity for the regulars, lost Bandstand a lot of friends. People grew accustomed to seeing their favorites on the show, and when those favorites were forced to leave (because of age or any other reason) their fans lost interest and simply stopped watching the show. Today, Dick Clark is a "fallen idol" in the eyes of many. His part in the payola mess makes him something less than a knight in shining armor. No one likes to be "taken," and when mediocre songs get played on the air in exchange for gifts and payola, someone's being taken, alright; we, the listeners, are. Many listeners object to this; others do not. As far as this magazine is concerned, each person must make his own decision about this. But from where we stand, at this moment two things seem quite certain. First, regardless of the way any of us may feel about him personally, Dick Clark's days of effectiveness on TV appear to be definitely numbered. And second, because Bandstand has always been so closely and personally identified with him, it's almost a certainty that whatever path Dick Clark is forced to take, American Bandstand will, unfortunately, be forced to follow.

DIG

THE ORIGINAL TEENAGE MAGAZINE

COVER

There are two kinds of stars in the world of entertainment, the "created" star, and the "natural" star. The natural star is someone who is suddenly lifted to stardom by millions of fans. For some amazing reason, he "catches on." The created star is someone who is called a star and promoted heavily by a company in the hope that he'll "catch on." Rod Lauren is a created star. You'll read about his big problem *on page 38.*

volume five • number four • may, 1960

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COVER PHOTO OF ROD LAUREN BY RCA VICTOR RECORDS

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Why are you looking way down here?

DIG is the first and only magazine ever to offer you EXCLUSIVE PHOTOSTAMPS of the top stars. These are genuine miniature photos, not cheap printed pictures. They come ten on a sheet, just like regular stamps you buy for your letters, with special perforations so they can be pulled apart and used on letters, notebooks, envelopes (on the back side only; Elvis's picture won't serve as a 4¢ stamp . . . yet!), and you can probably think of a hundred uses for them. Perfect for fan clubs. Each sheet of 10 stamps costs 25¢. Five sheets (of the same star, or assorted stars, whichever you prefer) for only $1.00. Stars available are: Elvis, Fabian, Kookie, Frankie Avalon, Annette, Sandra Dee, Tony Dow, Jimmy Clanton, Jimmy Darren, Roger Smith, Rick Nelson. Also, if you're out of your mind, we have stamps of Frankenstein. Order from: DIG STAMPS, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

EXCLUSIVE

Star Pix!

Now YOU can get exclusive 8 x 10 glossy photos from DIG's Private File. Some of the pix were used in DIG, others come from our files and have not been printed yet. But they're all the large, full size 8 x 10 prints, not small, cheap copies! DIG's Photo Editor will send you these photos as long as the supply lasts. Each picture is 50c, postpaid. Or you can order 3 photos for $1 for a limited time only. (We only have one pose available of each star, so get your order in today!

50 cents each. 3 for $1

DIG'S PHOTO EDITOR,
Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please RUSH me the following photographs from DIG's Private File. I understand that these are all genuine GLOSSY 8x10 photos. My money is enclosed.

- ☐ Fabian
- ☐ Elvis
- ☐ Frankie Avalon
- ☐ Tony Dow
- ☐ Edd Byrnes
- ☐ Jimmy Clanton
- ☐ Annette
- ☐ Sandra Dee
- ☐ Roger Smith
- ☐ Jimmy Darren
- ☐ Rick Nelson
- ☐ Frankenstein (?)

ask a foolish question.....

SHOULD TEENAGERS EVER BE SPANKED?

JIM FANSLAU
3015 Adams
Two Rivers,
Wisconsin

Yes. Spanking itself doesn't do much good, but the embarrassment that goes along with it leaves a valuable impression. We look on spanking as "beneath our dignity" and learn a lesson.

TINA GEIGER
640 S. 31 St.
Lincoln,
Nebraska

Yes, if they need it! Unfortunately, the ones who need a spanking never get it. Maybe that's why they need it. Most teenagers never need to be spanked, but then there are the BRATS!

JANE STEGNER
5037 Arch St.
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

Definitely no! There are other ways to punish us, and spanking is too childish. If we're expected to act like adults, we should be reasoned with and treated like adults. Not by spanking!

DONALD LING
701 E. 10 St.
Sheldon,
Iowa

There's no single answer to this question. Spanking really depends on the individual and his maturity. But I'm definitely against spanking anyone who's 18. That's how old I am.

FRED WIEDER
4368 Acacia
South Euclid,
Ohio

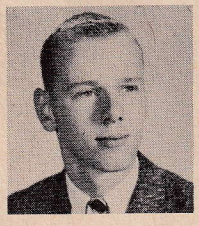
No! A rigid punishment has a more lasting effect than any ten spankings. Spanking went out long ago, and our parents ought to have more up-to-date ideas in finding a "good" punishment.

PEG NODEN
4634 S. Walnut
Pico-Rivera,
California

No. I don't think spanking solves anything. It should never be resorted to, in my opinion, unless all other punishment fails. Even then, it seems to me to be a very poor choice.

GLORIA SMITH
RD 1
Red Lion,
Pennsylvania

Yes, I think teenagers under the age of 16 should be spanked when they need correction. But I don't think a person 16 or older should be punished in this way. I'm 18, and I'd hate to be.



JOHN PRESTON
10 Wrcstr. Ave.
White River Jct.
Vermont

No. When we become teenagers we're too old for spanking. The best thing is to take away certain privileges, such as not having the car for a week. When that happened to me, I learned fast!

Have you a "foolish question" you'd like to get some opinions on? DIG'll pay a foolish $7.32 for each question we use here. Send to DIG's FOOLISH QUESTION, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

"What'd you do with my copy of DIG?"

See this here pathetic looking wretch? Somebody stole her copy of DIG! We don't blame her for gnashing her teeth, twitching her nose, and bugging her eyes. But she's looking at the wrong fellow. The poor miserable tool she's snarling at didn't steal her copy of DIG. He already has his own copy of DIG. He subscribes and gets his copy every month, the senseless boob! No, some other poor miserable tool stole her copy of DIG. And you know who we suspect? We suspect YOU! If you had a subscription to this completely ridiculous magazine we wouldn't suspect you any more. Why not join the thousands of other poor miserable tools who already have subscriptions to this ridiculous magazine, so your name can be taken off our suspect list? A subscription costs only a snively little old $2 for one whole year. Why not get a subscription? Why not get a subscription today? Are you cheap or something?

12 Issues Only $2

and a **DIGtionary FREE!**

Besides getting 12 full issues of DIG, with all its regular exclusive features and special monthly surprises, you'll also receive, absolutely free, a copy of DIG's newest DIGTIONARY if you subscribe now! This new edition lists all the latest hip expressions, zorch phrases, and crazy words. It's almost as ridiculous as your monthly copy of DIG. And it's your FREE if you subscribe now!

IMPORTANT: The poor, miserable tools who edit DIG realize that not all *our readers are poor, miserable tools. To the three of you who are* not *poor, miserable tools, we apologize. To the rest of you nice, friendly, happy, intelligent, poor, miserable tools, please subscribe like we asked! We love you, we admire you, we respect you, and mainly we need the money!*

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Box 550, Hollywood 28, California

Enclosed is $1 for 5 issues of DIG and my free DIGtionary ☐

Enclosed is $2 for 12 issues of DIG and my free DIGtionary ☐

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Enclosed is $2 for 12 issues of MODERN TEEN and my free DIGtionary ☐

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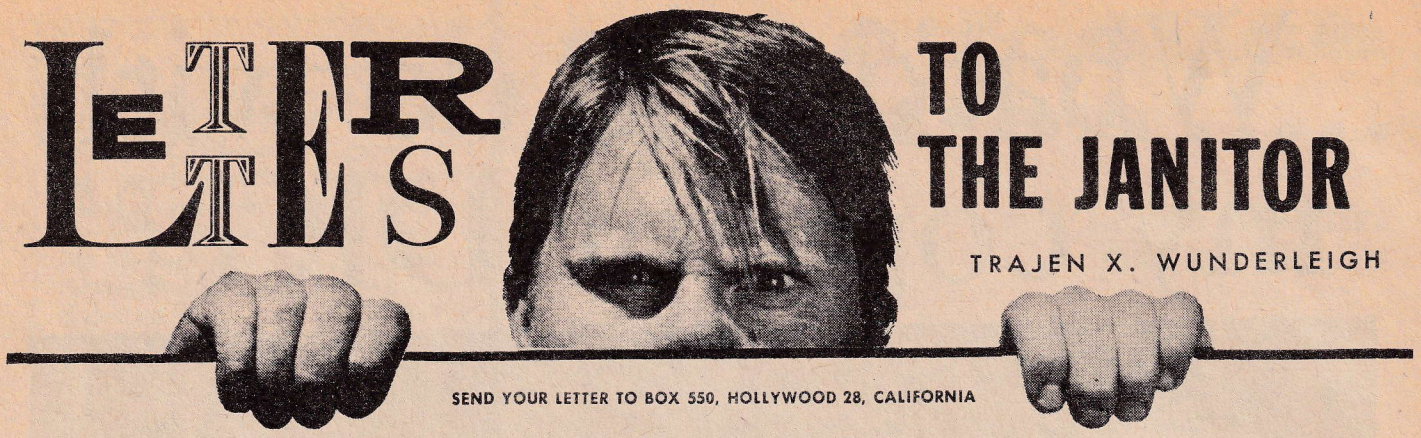
Address .....

City .....**Zone** .....

State .....**Age** .....

LETTERS TO THE JANITOR



TRAJEN X. WUNDERLEIGH

SEND YOUR LETTER TO BOX 550, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

TRASHY JOKES

I used to get a charge out of DIG but now I rate it pretty low. Reason: those trashy jokes in the October issue. Pretty immoral for what I once considered a hep mag.

An Ex-Customer
Broadalbin, New York

√ *Like I always say, everyone loves DIG.—Trajen*

AUNT'S OPINION

An aunt of mine who is a big shot in the advertising racket brought home one of the very first issues of DIG almost 5 years ago. I just loved it, but of course she said "it will never go over." I guess she'd better eat her words the next time I see the old gal.

Jan Nickerson
Route 1
Goldendale, Wash.

OVER 21

Your magazine has become so popular with adults as well as teenagers that I believe it would be great if you would print one for people over 21 years of age. You could call it "Over 21."

Chico Vincente
1153 North College Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

√ *Just sit there. Maybe you'll feel better.—Trajen*

BEATNIKS

The article "Are You A Beatnik" was for Jack. We of the BBB (Bongo Beatin' Beatniks) USA would like to tell you some facts about Beatnikism.

First, we *are* teenagers. Second, man we're *not* squares. Finally, according to *The Mothaa* (Chapter 1, Vsll-13) a beatnik is described as "a person desiring to achieve his purpose in life through classical art or musical expression. He need not cease to work with outsiders, nor does he have to dress in the traditional dark threads or Jap Earth Pads. In fact, his outside self need not at all be affected by his ideas and goals. In other words, he may be at the plateau, beat at heart."

BBB
Taft, Calif.

√ *Mothaa who? Mothaa Trask?—Trajen*

BO DIDDLEY

How about printing an article on the one, the only, the Great Bo Diddley? Talk about artists with talent, well he has it!

B.H.
Cicero, Ill.

√ *What?—Trajen*

TWIN NAMES

My name was published in a recent issue and one evening a girl called me and said her name was Carol Cimoneau, too! I could hardly believe it. We struck up a friendship and we both wonder if anyone else in this world (or outer space) has "our" name. If so, why not drop us a line and let us know.

Carol Simoneau (me)
96 Congress St.
Salem, Mass.

Carol Simoneau (her)
89 Eutaw Ave.
Lynn, Mass.

FRIEND

I hate DIG! I hate it, hate it, hate it! Do you hear me? It stinks with a capital PU. I HATE DIG!

Bab Nash
Cleveland, Ohio

√ *Congratulations.—Trajen*

MORE PAPERMATES

I was wondering if you could enter with a small note saying I would like my name anywhere in your magazine to receive mail from everyone and promise that I will answer each and every letter. I run a duplicating machine and I would write one basic letter so that I could answer them all. I know I can do it.

Lewis P. Dufault
Fau Cinclanflt
10 Division Box 100
Norfolk 11, Virginia

● *So do it.—Trajen*

DRAGS ON DIG

Listen, whatever made you think you've got an original magazine? You must be out of your minds. I bought an issue and in it you had top secret models of cars. Well, I went to the movies and saw exactly the same cars in a cartoon.

Believe me, you picked the wrong name for your magazine. It should be called COPY instead of DIG.

Mari Leigh
Milwaukee, Wisc.

● *Like I always say . . . . BANG! —Trajen*

LIARS

Hey, you knuckle-heads! In one of your magazines you had an article on Fabian and Frankie Avalon. You said they only were *said* to be friends, and their managers did it for publicity. That is not true.

Read the article in a recent issue of Movie Life. Fabian says himself that Frankie Avalon is his BEST FRIEND. If you don't start printing the truth, I won't buy DIG anymore.

Angry
Newton, N. H.

√ *So long.—Trajen*

MOTHER (UGH) TRASK

I've had it. You're just too awful for words, you cad. You are always butting into poor little old Mother (ugh) Trask's column and she's too

polite to tell you to get out. While you, you bum, you chase *her* out of *your* column with horrible threats if she even says one little word. But I think you're nice.

Eureka, Calif.
Rick Brown

. . . This great magazine wouldn't be the same if the editor, Trajen and Mother Trask weren't fighting. Keep on fighting. The more you fight and insult each other, the more we like it.

B.M. and P.B.
Chula Vista, Calif.

. . . Say Trajen, why don't you unstrap your wooden leg, put your false teeth in a glass, remove your toupee, put your glass eye on the table and sink slowly into yon blue horizon and leave the magazine to Mother (Hip Hip Hooray) Trask?

Ruth Harnstra
610 *Harrington*
Holland, Mich.

. . . I think you (with the exception of Mother Trask) are all nuts!

Susan O'Brien
2630 *NE St.*
Pompano Beach, Fla.

HUH?

Why doesn't your magazine do an article on the greatest comedy team that has ever lived, the Marx Brothers?

Donald Rossiter
308 *Florence Ave.*
Jenkintown, Penna.

√ *Yah, and maybe we could have Mae West on the cover that month!—Trajen*

PROPOSAL

Trajen darling I love you. Will you marry me? I am ten feet tall, I have black eyes, weigh 43 pounds and have purple hair.

A Fond Admirer
Hamath, Mars

√ *I refuse to marry anyone who looks that much like Mother Trask!—Trajen*

● *It takes one to know one.—Mother Trask*

BOTH OF YOU SCHLURGS GET BACK TO WORK!—EDITOR

OUR DEAR PRINCIPAL

I'm very disappointed in your "funny picture" of a principal. Up until now I had alwasy thought highly of the publishers of DIG, but when a sarcastic joke like that is used, all respect is lost. I am quite sure most principals are not as bad as the picture implies. If this was supposed to be funny, your taste is all in your mouth.

Carol Celli
284 *Sixth Street*
Leominster, Mass.

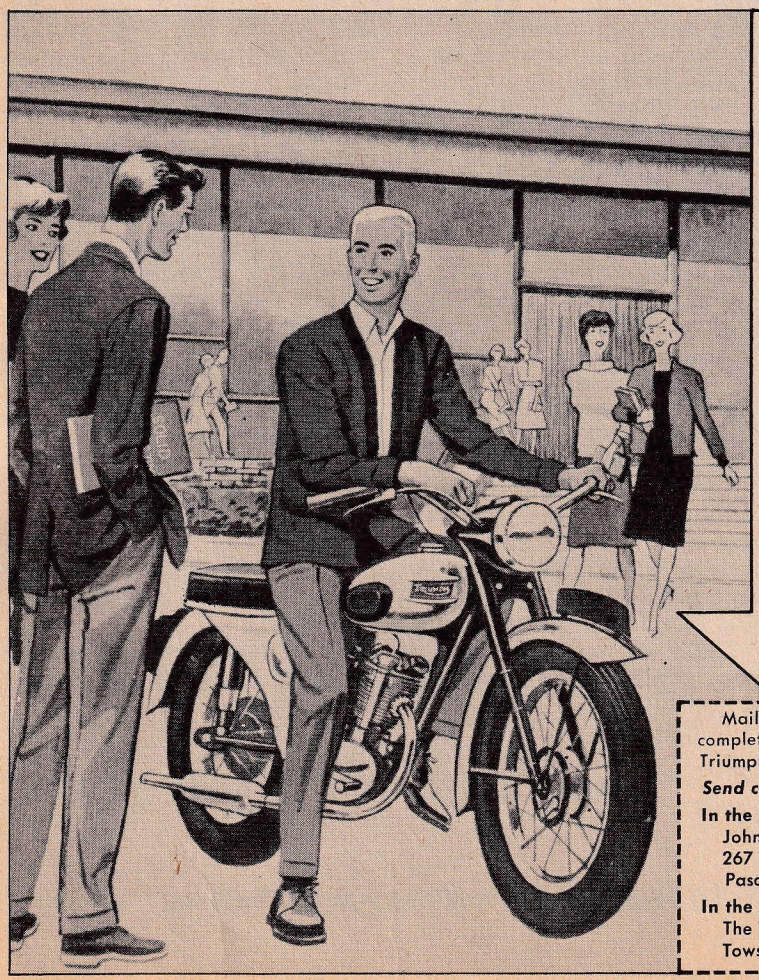
. . . Your picture of "Our Dear Principal" reminded me of our principal so I cut it out and put it on the bulletin board. Everyone thought it was real cute. Everyone except *my* principal. I got expelled. Now my problem is, who on your staff am I supposed to hit with a bat for influencing me like that?

Dinty of Maine

SUGGESTION

I would like to suggest that you publish a Kookie Scrapbook with his picture on the front cover and nothing else in it except blank pages. I'd love to have a place to put my Kookie pix as a permanent keepsake.

The Tidy One
1535 *Washburn Road*
Pasadena, Calif.



"Talk of the TEENS"

It's the latest! It's the greatest! A Triumph 'cycle is a real "cool" way to travel to school . . . sports events . . . anywhere you want to go. You'll enjoy the fun and adventure of riding a motorcycle. You'll also like the money you save . . . a Triumph is the most economical teen transportation available.

What do teen-agers all over the country think of the sizzling '60 Triumphs? "The most . . . strictly from Dreamsville." They're the living end!

Make the scene at your nearest Triumph dealer's to see the new 1960 models.

For the *fun* of it, ride a Triumph.

FREE OFFER

Mail this coupon today for FREE 1960 full-color catalog showing the complete Triumph line and the name and address of your nearest Triumph dealer.

DEPT. D

Send coupon to nearest address:

PLEASE PRINT

In the West:
Johnson Motors, Inc.
267 W. Colorado Street
Pasadena 1, Calif.

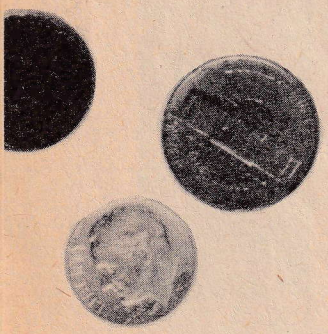
In the East:
The Triumph Corporation
Towson, Baltimore 4, Md.

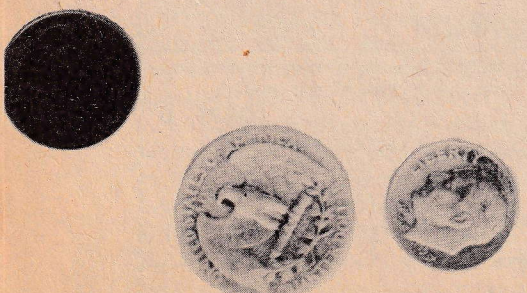
Name.....
Street.....
City or Town..... State.....
Telephone Number..... Age.....

$ money

MONEY

EACH AND EVERY WEEK DIG WILL SEND YOU A CHECK FOR $5.00 FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR!





SURE IT'S RIDICULOUS, BUT HERE'S THE DEAL:

■ Pick up any magazine these days and what do you see? Contests, that's what. Win a date with Fabian (kind of embarrassing, if you're a boy) or win a trip to Hollywood (sort of stupid if you live in Pasadena) or win a phone call from Elvis (big deal; he says hello, you say hello, three minutes of utter silence, and that's that).

The trouble with all these contests is, there's always an ulterior motive behind them. (Someone's always trying to promote a new kind of hair oil or sell a new model car or something like that, and a contest seems like a good way to do it.) And the other trouble with these contests is that they never appeal to *everybody.* (Like we say, what rugged 16-year-old athlete wants to win a year's supply of gold-plated bobby pins?) (Don't be funny.)

Well, here's one contest that has *no* ulterior motive (as a matter of fact, we really can't think of even one good reason why we're having this contest) and it's open to every teenager in the whole world. As usual, we're so disorganized around here that we haven't bothered to make up many rules (All the rules are shown on the next page), but we promise you this: DIG will send you an allowance check every single week for a full year if you win this ridiculous contest! You'll get a full $5.00 every week, and it'll all be yours, to spend as you wish! No strings attached! This is a contest that only DIG would run, because DIG is the only magazine in the world that's really sort of utsnay. (Pig latin for "psycho.")

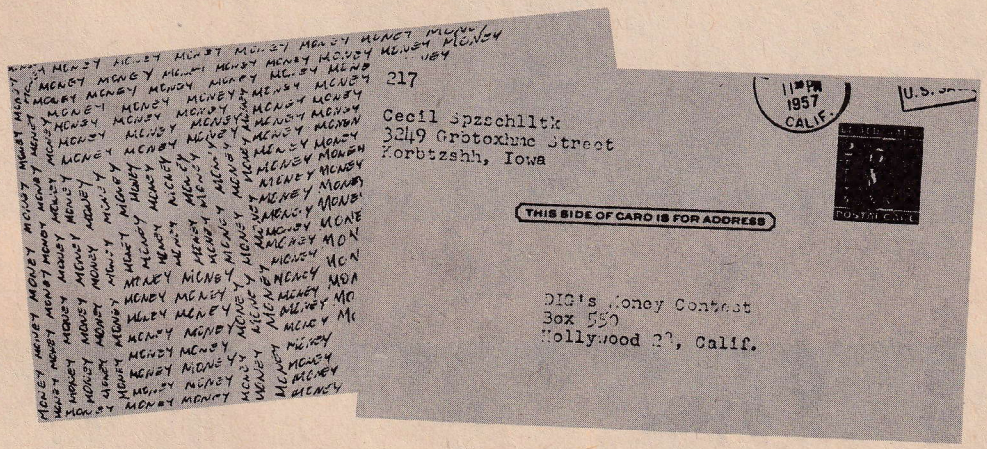
Like we say, there's no reason for this contest; we're just out of our minds. But you *do* have to do something to enter it: You've got to write the word MONEY on the back of a postcard as many times as you can. The person who writes the word MONEY the most times on the back of a standard post card (the kind that you buy at a post office) will win this big, free allowance for a full year!

OK, OK, we know. The men in the little white coats are coming after us. So read the rules on the next page already!

NO MORE ASKING YOUR DAD FOR AN "ADVANCE" . . . YOU'LL HAVE

MONEY MONEY money

WIN AN ALLOWANCE FOR ONE YEAR



RULES

1. All entries must be postmarked on or before June 1, 1960.

2. To be eligible, you must be a teenager on June 1, 1960.

3. You may send in as many entries as you want.

4. Each entry must be written with pen, pencil, or crayon, on **a standard size 3c post card** which is purchased from any post office.

5. On the back of the card (the plain side) write the word MONEY as many times as you can. You may use the entire back of the card for this purpose. Each word must be distinct and clear and easy to read without a magnifying glass.

6. On the front of the card (the stamp side) print the following:

a. In the upper left hand corner, print the number of times you wrote the word MONEY on the back of the card. (For example, 223, 176, 410, etc.)

b. Directly beneath this number, print your name and address.

c. Address the card to DIG's MONEY CONTEST, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

7. In case of a tie, a tie-breaking puzzle will be sent to each contestant.

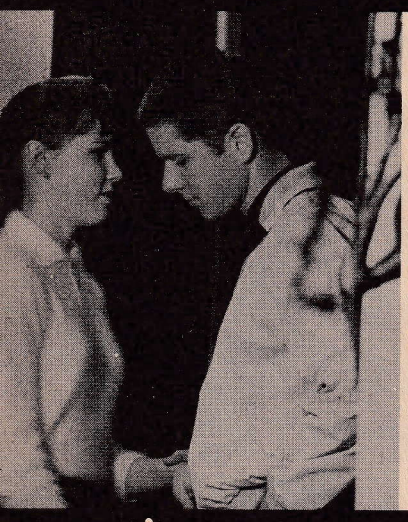
8. There will be one winner in this contest. That winner will receive an allowance of $5 a week for a full year.

9 Judging will be done by the editors of DIG. Decision of the judges shall be final.

ALL THE MONEY YOU NEED AND BE THE ENVY OF SPENDTHRIFTS EVERYWHERE!

FIRST DATE:

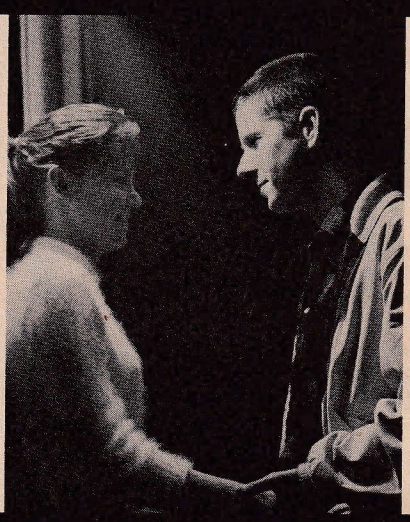
How to say goodnight



1

HE: Well, I guess I better be goin'. I mean, well, you know. It's getting late.

SHE: I had a really wonderful evening. Honestly.



2

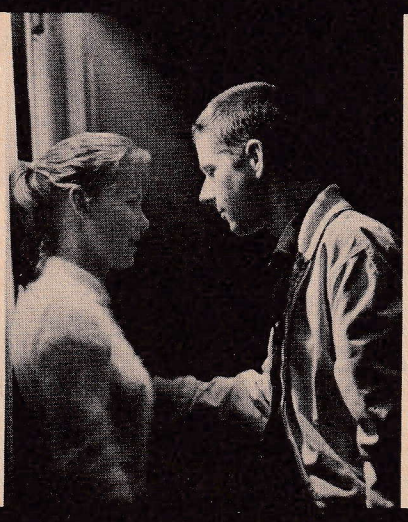
HE: Me too.

SHE: I honestly did.

5

HE: Say, I was just wondering . . . well . . . I . . .

SHE:



6

HE: . . . Well . . . I mean . . . well, I was just kind of wondering . . .

SHE: I don't mind. I really don't.

■ IT'S LATE, REAL LATE, and the lights are all off inside. You're standing there on the porch, the two of you, and you've had the greatest time you can remember. And now the moment's come. The moment when you're going to say goodnight.

What happens now? That's the problem every single one of us has faced, the age-old problem of the first date. You can't just shake hands and leave it at that; let's not be ridiculous. You can't just say, "Well, I'll see you around;" what a childish goodnight *that* would be. You can't make a joke and laugh it up; that's all wrong, it just doesn't fit.

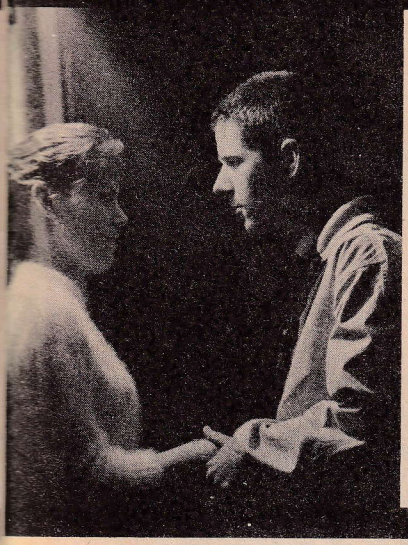
But it's a first date. Can you kiss? Can you kiss, like you'd like to? That's the problem.

We all know how it is. We've got to do things "right" and we've got to be "proper." And sometimes, a kiss on a first date just doesn't go.

But then there are other times. The best times, the most wonderful times, it just happens. A brief kiss, a soft kiss, a kiss that says thanks for the great evening and I like you and goodnight and a million other things, all in one. You're just standing there and not doing much of anything and not knowing what to do and it's kind of embarrassing and you don't know what to say, exactly. But you're talking, anyway, not saying much of anything, just talking. And then it happens.

And suddenly the whole world turns into a million roman candles, bright and sparkling and shimmering and lighting up everything for a million miles around. It may sound corny, but that's how it feels.

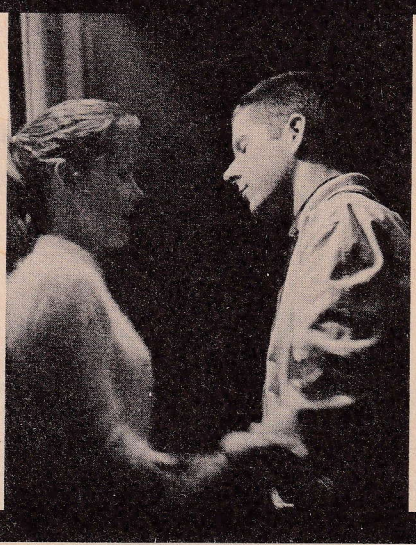
The problem of a goodnight kiss and a first date is something that keeps coming up again and again. But when it happens like it happened to the boy and the girl in the pictures below, there's really *no* problem. The moment is awkward, yes, and embarrassing, yes, and you don't really know the right things to do. But if the time is right, and the place is right, and it's been that kind of an evening, then you don't really have to do anything at all. You just stand there, on the porch step, and you talk, and you let nature take its course.



3

HE: Well, so I guess I'll see you, huh? I mean, it's getting late. You know.

SHE: Well, thank you for a very nice time.



4

HE: So, I guess I'd better be goin'.

SHE: Well, thank you again.

7

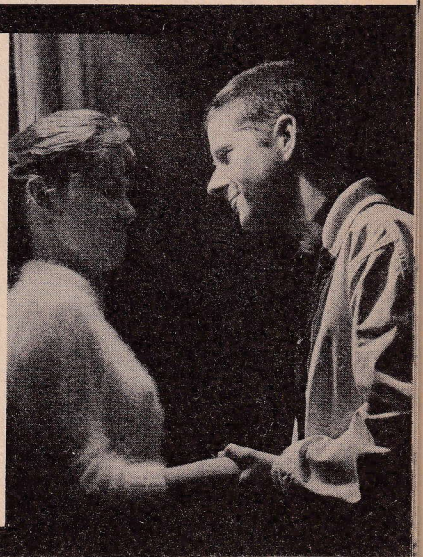
HE:

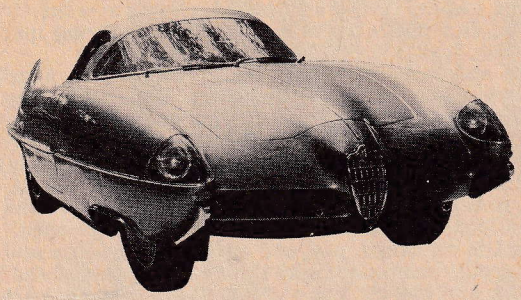
SHE:

8

HE: Gee, you're sure some girl. You know that?

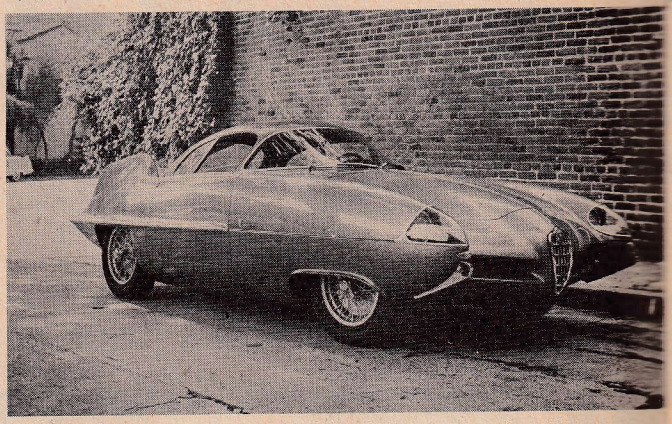
SHE: I had a wonderful time I really did.





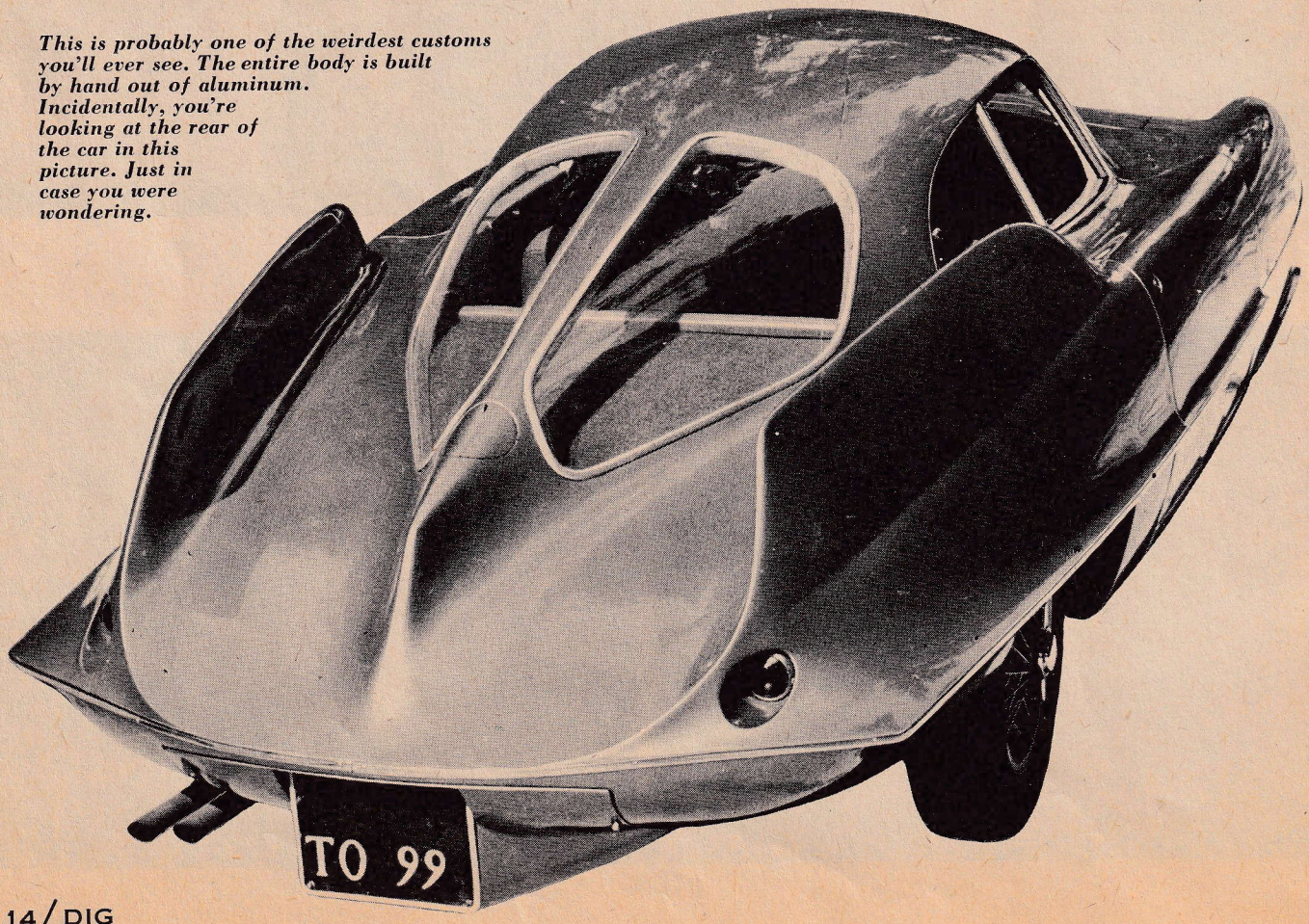
Only car of its kind in the world, this Alfa Romeo Bat 9 is unusual in front as in back.

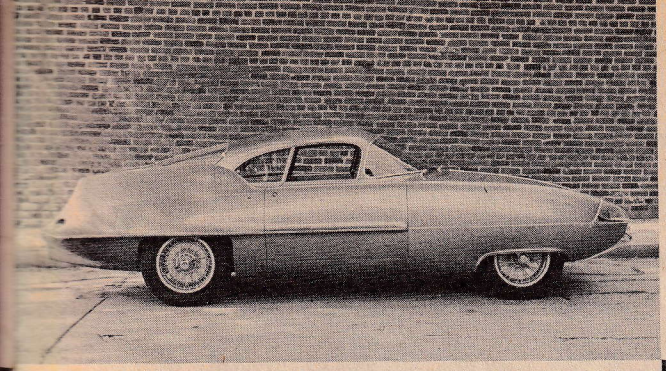
Body is painted metallic silver, with nearly 60 coats of finest lacquer. Wire wheels are all silver-plated.



A Real

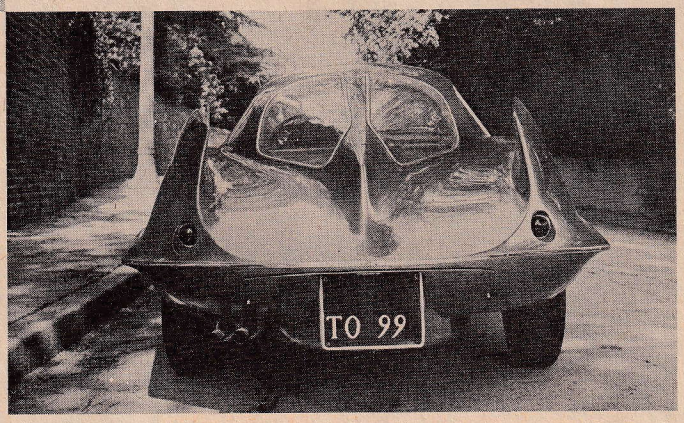
This is probably one of the weirdest customs you'll ever see. The entire body is built by hand out of aluminum. Incidentally, you're looking at the rear of the car in this picture. Just in case you were wondering.





Custom-built in Italy, this sleek sports car has a five-speed transmission, goes 130 mph.

One of shortest cars ever made, this stands less than five feet high. Trunk opens from below, by license.



Weirdo

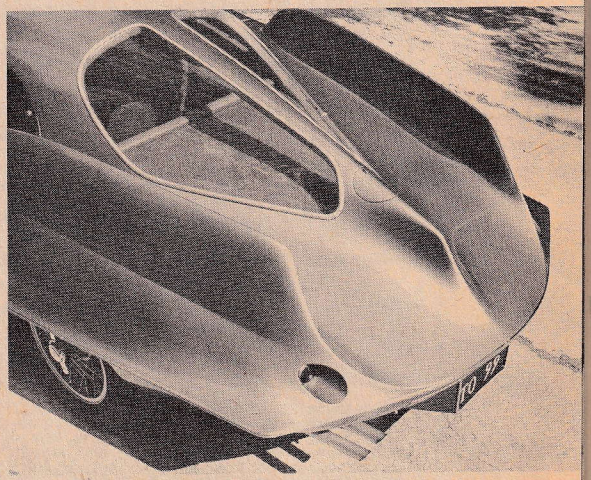
■LEAVE US FACE IT! We go for cool cars as much as anybody, but this Alfa Romeo Bat 9 is just too much!

Like any custom car, it's supposed to look "different" but there's such a thing as carrying a good thing too far, and this real weirdo is carrying it too far. Particularly the price: a cool $11,009, already! (Don't ask us what the $9 is for, we can't figure it out, either.)

The trouble with a car like this is that it isn't really practical. (Anyone who spends $11,009 on a car doesn't *need* anything practical, he needs a *doctor!*) By practical, we mean things like the bumpers (there *aren't any,* either front or rear)!

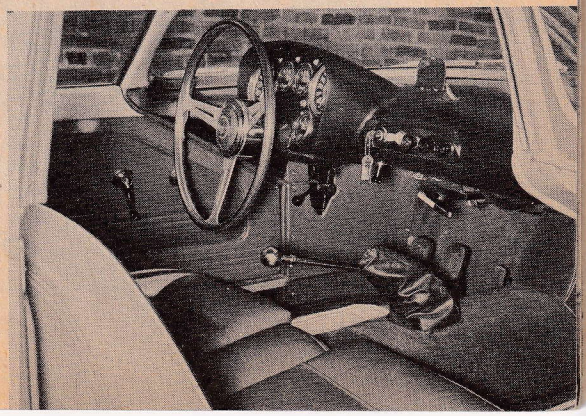
Actually, this custom is meant to be a collector's item; it isn't really meant for "every-day" use. Like so many of the really off-beat customs on sale today, this one was built in Europe (in Italy, by the Bertone Coach Builders, a company that specializes in customs). The engine and chassis are stock items from a regular Alfa Romeo Italian car. But the body is a completely unique design, and unlike the customs made in America (but *like* all the customs made in Europe) the body was built from scratch; they didn't start with a stock body and simply modify it, they started with raw material and built it up from there!

Who wants to own a car like this? Well, at least eight people we could name. There were eight other cars similar to this built by Bertone, and they've all been sold! At $11,009 each, *you* figure it out!



Rear fins are most radical part of design. Notice gas tank in center, unusual pipes.

Upholstery is tan leather, dash is crackle-finish, stick shift is solid chrome plated.



Greek God contest

■ HERE'RE THE FINALISTS in DIG's Greek God Contest, the search for the world's handsomest teenager! This has really been an amazing contest; we received 7,213 original entries from DIG's readers all over the world. These, we had to narrow down to 288 semi-finalists, and then we asked you to vote for your favorites from among the 288. And you know how many postcard votes we received? 51,972 *by the night of the deadline!* That's right, fifty-one thousand, nine-hundred and seventy-two votes! An all time record for a DIG contest! We had everyone in the place sorting and counting votes, including Trajen (who was more in the way than a help. What a real squirrel)!

Here, now, are the results of that vote, the top finalists as selected by all DIG's readers. The winner of this great contest will be one of these 32 finalists.

Once again, your vote will determine the final winner. But we can accept only one vote from a reader, *and each vote must be on the special ballot printed below!* Vote for the Greek God of your choice, mark an X in the box beside his name, and send the ballot (paste or tape it to the back of a postcard, please!) to DIG's GREEK GOD CONTEST, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California.

Deadline for voting on the GG Finalist is midnight, May 5, 1960, so get your vote in now! *You* will be selecting the handsomest teenager in America!

DIG's Greek God Contest • Box 550 • Hollywood 28, Calif.

My Name_____ Age_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

I vote for:

- ☐ **4-Ernie Martin,** 701 Jefferson, Emmetsburg, Iowa, Age 14
- ☐ **8-Chuck Forsythe,** FN, USS Paricutin (AE-18) c/o FPO, SF, Calif, Age 19
- ☐ **11-Joe Troise,** 606 2nd Ave, Punxsutawney, Pa, Age 14
- ☐ **15-Gary Maloney,** 520 Springbrook, Adrian, Mich, Age 18
- ☐ **17-Dave Johnston,** 106 S. Hi-Lusi, Mt Prospect, Ill, Age 15
- ☐ **19-Paul Huelskamp,** 415 Wilcox Ct, De Pere, Wisc, Age 16
- ☐ **50-Mike Clues,** 1519 E 16th, Pueblo, Colo, Age 15
- ☐ **102-Dayle Johnston,** 31127 Chicaine Ave, Hayward, Calif, Age 18
- ☐ **103-Cecil Parkerson,** 2203 Langdon, Dallas 35, Tex, Age 19
- ☐ **107-Jimmy Murphy,** Ann Arbor, Mich, Age 17
- ☐ **112-Don Schouw,** 2411 Deerford St, Lakewood, Calif, Age 19
- ☐ **142-Larry Queen,** Box 55, Catawba, Ohio, Age 17
- ☐ **143-Harry Felton,** Breezewood, Penna, Age 15
- ☐ **144-Frank Pella,** 13110 Gladstone Ave, Sylmar, Calif, Age 17
- ☐ **148-Jon Howard,** 1025 90th St, Los Angeles, Calif, Age 16
- ☐ **154-Bob McAleese,** 379 Chase St, Sonoma, Calif, Age 14
- ☐ **156-Dave Cykoski,** 413 McClellan St, Cambridge Springs, Pa, Age 16
- ☐ **161-Buddy Ochoa,** 115 Dorris St, San Antonio, Tex, Age 17
- ☐ **164-Kurt Franzinger,** 1313 W King St, Martinsburg, W Va, Age 18
- ☐ **208-Eddie Kullaf,** 90 Monroe St, Garfield, New Jersey, Age 15
- ☐ **211-Pat Dirks,** 360 Sunkist Lane, Los Altos, Calif, Age 14
- ☐ **236-Steve Richards,** 1089 Windermire St, Indianapolis, Ind, Age 14
- ☐ **241-John Jones,** 2551 Westgate, Los Angeles 64, Calif, Age 13
- ☐ **244-Don Snodgrass,** RR 1, Mount Morris, Ill, Age 18
- ☐ **249-John Meeker,** 429 E Bell Ave, Rantoul, Ill, Age 17
- ☐ **261-Larry Clark,** RR 5, Warsaw, Ind, Age 16
- ☐ **271-David Clark,** 744 12th St, Douglas, Ariz, Age 17
- ☐ **273-Jimmy White,** 1630 W 8th St, Anderson, Ind, Age 13
- ☐ **275-Bill Trimble,** Jackson, Miss, Age 19
- ☐ **276-Rich Hirst,** Box 681, Del Mar, Calif, Age 13
- ☐ **285-Dick Catteau,** Rte 1, Butler, Ohio, Age 17
- ☐ **287-Bruce Miller,** 455 S Lamar St, Denver 26, Colo, Age 18

THE SUBJECT:
Teenagers and Dating

TO: Parents only

FROM: The Editors of DIG

an open letter to parents

DIG practically never prints anything which isn't meant only for teenagers. But this is one time when we feel we've got to talk to someone else; we've got to talk to your folks. The subject is dating, and the person discussing it is Patricia Paul, who usually writes the "Problems" column here in DIG. This month, we're taking Patricia's regular space and devoting it to this special letter. We hope parents everywhere will read it. And we hope they'll understand what we're trying to say.

My name is Patricia Paul. I write the "Problems" column here in DIG, and do my best to answer the hundreds of letters I receive every week from DIG's readers. But this is one time I'm not writing to DIG's readers. This time, I'm writing only to you, their parents. I want to talk to you about a problem that is difficult to discuss. And yet I feel that something *must* be said, and it must be said *now*.

I receive on the average of one hundred letters a day. I can't possibly answer them all on the pages of DIG, but I do read them, every one, and I answer most of them in person. It may seem odd to you, but the most desperate, pleading, unhappy letters come from teenage girls (and boys) whose parents refuse to let them go out on dates.

Listen to some of these letters. . . .

●

"I'm sixteen and not allowed to date. You see, I have a sister who was allowed to date when she was 14, *and when she was* 17, *she got into trouble. Now both my parents absolutely refuse to let me have anything at all to do with boys. They refuse even to discuss the matter. I've tried everything, but nothing helps. I like a nice boy very much and he's asked me for dates many times, but I don't even dare mention his name. Please tell me what to do."...*

●

"I can't understand my parents. I can't go out with boys, I have to do all my mother's housework, and I hardly ever get to go outside. I do not get an allowance. I'm fourteen and I still have to sleep with my brother. I admit I'm not very good looking, but if I could have some decent clothes and wear a little lipstick I would look nicer."...

●

"My sixteen year old sister and I have a problem. Every time we even look at a boy our father gets mad at us. The other night we went to the store with him, and when we came home three boys were walking past our house. We didn't even know who they were. In spite of it, he got very angry. I don't quite understand. Are we doing something wrong?"...

●

"I'm sixteen years old and a junior in high school, I've never been on a date because my parents say I'm too young. I've tried convincing them that I'm old enough to go out, but they always tell me I'll have to wait, and then demand I drop the subject. If I were a girl it still wouldn't make much sense, but it might at least make a little. Please help me, Pat. I'm tired of sitting home every night."...

●

"I'm fourteen and will be fifteen in March. My parents think I'm too young to date. I've talked to them about it but they just said I would get into some trouble. I've never been in any serious trouble. Now that I've talked to them about it, they think that every time I go out I'm going out with some girl. I'm not. But now they won't let me go any place. They're good parents in a lot of ways, but why won't they let me date?"

●

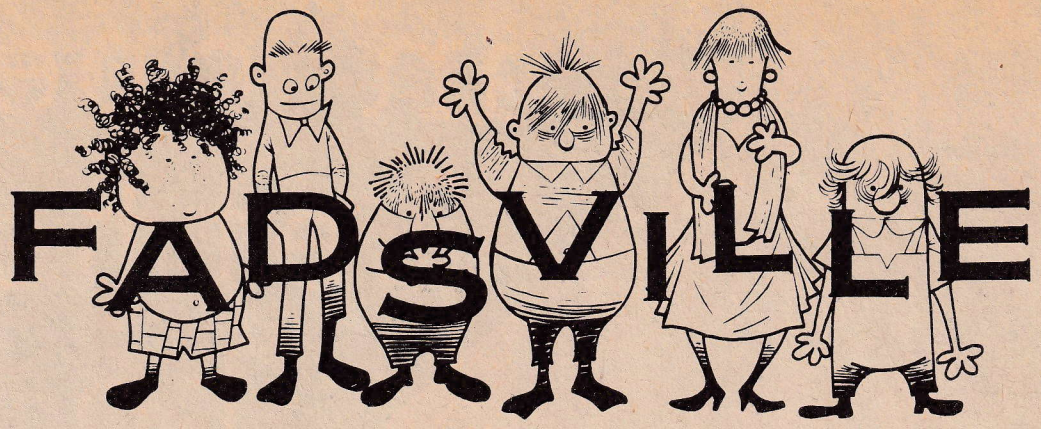
"I'm fourteen and my mother says I'm too young to even think about boys. But I do. I'd like to accept a date once in awhile. I wouldn't do anything wrong, but try convincing her *of that."...*

●

"When my father was in his teens, both his sisters disgraced the family. This is the only reason I can think of for his refusing to let me date now that I'm almost sixteen. My mother's all for letting me date because she knows how it is when all of your friends have dates and you don't. I've read letters such as mine in other magazines, and the answer is always "sit down and talk it over quietly with your parents." You can't sit down and talk to my *father. He's not the type to talk quietly."...*

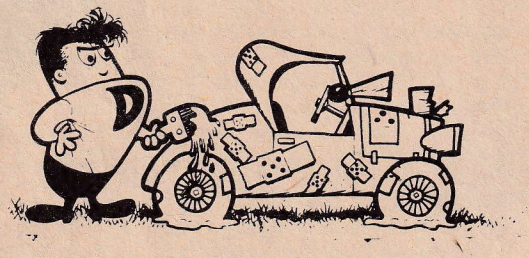
●

(Continued on page 45)



DIG will pay 3 cool, cool dollars for every fad we print here. Send to DIG Fadsville, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

If you've got an old car, don't bother to repair the dents. (Particularly if the car's real old.) Just paint big, fake band-aids over them! It really looks too much! ***(Mary Young, 4009 Meadowbrook, Fort Worth 3, Texas.)***

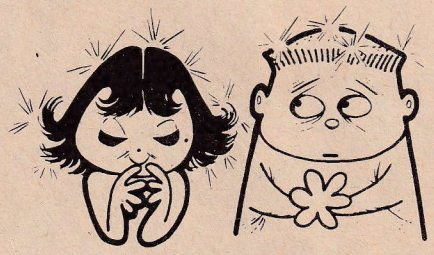


Best way to break the monotony around *any* school is to have a BLACK FRIDAY. All the girls wear heavy eye make-up, no lipstick, hair straight and stringy, and they wear solid black clothes from head to toe. If this all sounds weird to you . . . and fun . . . let me tell you, it is! (*Lynne Fisher,* 13431 *Williamette Dr., Westminster, California.*)

If you want to put something up on your wall that's different from the same old pix of cars or stars, try taking apart a full copy of DIG and tape or tack it up there page by page. You never realize how cornball this magazine is until you look at the whole thing all at once! (*Bill Terry, Memphis, Tenn.*)

Girls wanting to be "fashionable" now wear one pair of colored nylons over another pair in a contrasting color. Like for instance green over dark blue or orange over olive. Sounds awful, but it's really kind of amazing! (Also, kind of awful! – Trajen.) (Judi Roxbury, 1514 Warwick, Warwick, Va.)

Though it may sound kind of ridiculous, a new big thing is to buy ten-cent bottles of glitter and sprinkle it in your hair. This includes girls, teachers, and boys! **(Jane Elliott, Davenport, Ia.)**



The weirdest thing you'll ever do is have a graveyard party! Here's how we work it. After our regular dates, all the kids meet at the local graveyard. We take coffee, sandwiches, cake and ice-cream, and a uke or two. We don't hurt anything or cause any trouble; we just have a lot of fun! **(Tommy Vacca, 574 Walnut Dr., Oxnard, Calif.)**

If you know someone who's always breaking out into song (at the most embarrassing moments) buy a 10c bottle of gold paint and paint an old phonograph record with it. When you present the "embarrassing baritone" with his gold disc, he'll get the idea! (I should know; it happened to me!) ***(Todd Hunt, Detroit, Mich.)***

NOTEBOOK PIX

Continuing this month, exclusive pix for your notebook from DIG's private collection of 100 top stars. Who would you like to see here?

ELVIS/RCA Victor Records, 20th Century Fox Pictures

BOBBY RYDELL/*Cameo Records*

UNCENSORED teenage opinions...

UNAWARE TEENAGERS?

It's time teenagers got serious as to what's going on in the world today. All we think about is who's going with whom, movies and rock and roll. We need to start doing something about the condition of the world. If we don't wake up **now**, when we finally **do** wake up, it'll be too late. Communist teenagers are working hard for **their** cause. It's time we started working for **ours**. If we don't, we're going to lose all the freedom this country had to fight so hard to obtain.

Betty M.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

BRIBES

The enclosed clipping is from the Milwaukee Sentinel. When I first read it, I was disgusted to think it could be true that bribes were accepted by our favorite TV and radio disc jockeys. But I'm not too surprised. How else could someone sell over a million copies of a record and not even be able to sing? I'll bet the public never hears a lot of really good music with understandable lyrics because the writers don't have the bribe money.

I'd like very much to see some opinions on this subject.

Sue Schiller
Barton, Wisconsin

UNFRIENDLY TEACHERS

I think that if high school teachers were more friendly they'd get a lot more work out of their students. I'm a junior, and there isn't a friendly teacher in our whole school who you can really talk to.

Jerry Wynhoff
Three Lakes, Wisconsin

PARENTS AGAIN

If I'm able to grow up with a sensible set of values it sure won't be because I've had any help at home. My folks are the nicest, kindest people in the world, but neither one of them has an ounce of tolerance for any other religion except ours. And that's not all; they don't like a couple of races of people, and although they have absolutely no reasonable factor to base their prejudice on, they're prejudiced anyway.

This is the dumbest outlook I've ever heard of. It's impossible that every religion except ours is based on fairy tales, or fancy dreams. They're just saying that everyone except us is dumb, and that's really impossible. I can't understand how any responsible person who's been alive for nearly forty years can think that thousands of other people would believe in things which don't make any sense whatsoever. And how can anyone possibly say that a particular race is all bad, or all good for that matter?

The other teenagers who have this problem certainly know just exactly what I'm trying to say, and I'll bet there are plenty of them. I know most of my friends' folks act the same way, and most of my friends feel the way I do. We're not only disgusted, we're ashamed.

This year I wanted to take a course in religions, just to find out about the way other people believe, and my folks acted like I wanted to organize a Bible-burning troup. Basically I believe as they do, as far as my religion is concerned, but I couldn't make them understand that I wasn't looking for something better to believe in.

While our government officials are out screaming up a storm about juvenile delinquency, they might take a short rest and find out **why** we want to rebel. I wish one of those big deal officials could sit in on one of my parents' rave sessions. Then maybe they'd know why we're rebelling, and understand that it's about time **someone** did!

A Teenage Girl
Mount Morris, Illinois

HUH?

Other people think the states of Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas are for the birds. Well, I think so too.

Alan Anderson
7908 Main
Ralston, Nebraska

GIRLS ARE NUTZ!

Any boy who says he doesn't like to have a girl run after him is kidding himself. It isn't the race he minds, it's the results. I'm all for girls letting a guy know they're interested in him; but if girls had any idea how dumb it makes us feel, they wouldn't be quite so obvious. If they'd stick to giving their boyfriends the eye instead of giving him a pain, they'd get a lot further a lot faster.

When a girl tells everyone she knows that she's interested in a boy, it takes about eleven and a half seconds before all his friends are telling him about it. If he starts dating the girl, the other guys don't accept it as a mutual admiration society. They just think the poor sucker got caught, and believe me, they say so! If he doesn't start dating her, he's out of luck too, because none of the other girls will date him, either. They're afraid of hurting the girl who's so nuts about him.

Nuts is right. I'd rather have a girl come right up to me and say "I like you," than have her spread it all over school, and walk past my house with all her friends about ten times a day. There are plenty of ways a girl can let you know she's interested, like inviting you to a party, or asking you to dance when it's girl's choice; or even just a little flirting. I repeat, a **little** flirting.

It's flattering to be chased, but it's pretty unflattering to look like you're that easy to catch.

Jim Peterson
Hollywood, California

MORE ABOUT BOOKS

Concerning Linda Jahnke's letter in a past issue of DIG, I couldn't agree with her more. I'm just surprised that she realized this fact concerning "old" text books and decided to speak up. Our parents are trying to get better books and schools and teachers for the few kids who **really** want an education. Not only the adults realize a school problem exists, the students do too, and better still, they want something done about it.

I think field trips and lectures are one answer to outdated textbooks. I'm just one small voice, but I'm sure there are others who feel as I do.

S.W.—Senior
Chaffey High School
Ontario, California

FIRM OPINION

I don't think **anyone** should dye her (or his) hair. If God had wanted to make someone's hair a different color than it is, he would have done so.

Jack Bricker
13 East South Street
Carlisle, Penna.

FABIAN

I think Fabian Forte is not long for this world. He is young, too young. He'll peter out just like all the rest have. Furthermore, his singing sounds like a coyote howling at the moon, hiccoughing at the same time. I saw his picture "Hound Dog Man" and his acting wasn't very good. In fact, it stunk. This is my opinion.

Ron D.
306 Armada Road
Arcadia, California

YEA NAVY!

Why do so many people dislike sailors? If I were the parent of a sailor, I'd be very proud to have him in the

(Continued on page 47)

17 Things I'll never Understand about Girls...

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls will spend a whole evening hinting around that the biggest deal going would be for you to ask for a goodnight kiss, and then when you finally do, they won't.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls fly off the handle and cry and get angry, and then refuse to even talk about it.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls think that make-up, clothes, and Rock Hudson (in that order) are more interesting than cars and sports.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls always give each other the once-over at parties. You can almost hear the meowing!

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls who wear glasses never take them off when you're trying for a kiss.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why a girl who agrees to go dutch when you're short of loot acts like she's taking over and tries to run the whole deal.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND how a girl can go to the beach, stay under an umbrella, pour five gallons of sun tan oil all over herself, never get in the sun, and still go home looking like a lobster.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls always want to know every single thing there is to know about your family, including such things as the birthplace of your great aunt's mother-in-law.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls spend hour full hours combing and brushing and fluffing their hair just so they'll look like they've come out of a wind storm.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls are so completely, absolutely, definitely, irrevocably, positively against accepting last-minute dates.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls insist on wearing high heels, and then spend the whole darned night complaining about them.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why everything always has to be a major production with girls, even if it's only something like buying a twenty-five cent tube of lipstick.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why a girl even bothers to ask if you like her hair long or short, when she's planning to chop it all off the next day regardless.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls act the way they do on double dates—like they've got a secret pact or something, and we guys don't even exist. If that's the case, why'd we along on the date for?

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls try so hard to be so much alike. How come they don't realize that the biggest thing they've got going for them is that they're all so wonderfully different?

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls keep apologizing about the way their hair looks or something like that, when nobody else even noticed it in the first place.

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND why girls fall all over babies and puppies and hamsters, and then scream like it's the end of the world if they see a pathetic, homeless, undernourished little mouse.

The way we look at it, things are in pretty ridiculous shape if someone as smooth as Jimmy Clanton doesn't understand "those mysterious things" called girls. But then, who does . . . or ever has? Now please don't write in about this. DIG isn't against *girls. Like Jimmy, we just don't understand 'em. And to tell the truth, we probably never will!*

help!

I really dig DIG, but my boyfriend doesn't. Does anyone have any idea how I can change his mind? *(Bettye Brown, 4313 W. 16th Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada)*

help!

Is it true that Fabian asked to be legally adopted by his manager, Bob Marcucci? I'm very upset over this rumor as I thought Fabe was very devoted to his parents. *(Sharyn Henery, 338 Dennis Lane North, Salem, Oregon)*

No, it isn't true, and if it ever happens you can bet it won't be Fabian's idea!

help!

A couple of my friends and I are getting a rock and roll band started, but we can't think up a real crazy name for the group. We'd like to hear some good ideas from all DIG's readers. (*Jack Dundee, 802 West Main, Waukon, Iowa.*)

help!

Could you please tell me what kind of needle to use on 45rpm records? Should I use a regular 78rpm needle, or a long-play needle? *(Jan Wolfe, 410 Quartz St., Ontonagon, Michigan)*

If your phonograph doesn't have a special needle for 45's, use the long play needle only. Don't ever use the 78rpm needle on anything but 78's.

help!

I've read many letters in DIG where people want songs written about their names. So do I, but it may be hopeless. My name's Hermione! (Pronounced Her-my-oh-knee.) (*Hermione, N. Y., N. Y.*)

If anyone writes the song, we'll print it!—Ed.

help!

I've tried desperately to buy a Jimmy Boyd Song Book, but they tell me it's no longer being printed. Do you know where I could get a copy? *(Mike Jensen, 704 W. 63rd Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada)*

Write to Morris Publishing Co., 1619 Broadway, New York City. They published Jimmy's book, and they can help you get a copy.

help!

I heard some girls on the bus talking about the craziest things you can imagine. Things like "the bubble" and "the Beehive" and "the chemise cut." I thought they were talking about dress styles. Were they? *(Phil C. L., Tampa, Florida)*

Nope. They were talking about the latest hair styles.

help!

Can I get some photostamps of Jimmy Rogers from DIG? *(Athana Ballas, 615 E. Washington St., San Jose, Calif.)*

Sorry, we haven't any stamps of Jimmy. But we do have photostamps of Elvis, Rick, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Jimmy Darren, Kookie, Annette, Sandra Dee, Roger Smith, Tony Dow, Jimmy Clanton, and, if you're really out of your gourd, Frankenstein! Photostamps (glossy midget photos, stamp-size, glued backs) sell for 25c a sheet or 5 sheets for $1. Each sheet includes 10 stamps of one star. Order from DIG Stamps, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif.

help!

Who, who, who is Arnie Ginsberg? *(Judy Erickson, Box 34, Peterson, Iowa)*

He's the Arnie of Jan & Arnie befor Arnie joined the navy and it became Jan & Dean. Huh?

help!

If you want the FACTS about something, anything in the world, write DIG HELP, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California

DIG WILL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

DIG'S CLOUD 9

Once more we invite you to take a trip with us on DIG's Cloud 9, where dreams come true! If you have some secret wish, if there's something you've always wanted more than anything else in the world, if you have a special dream you'd like to have come true, why not write and tell us about it. Maybe YOUR dream will be one of those that DIG makes come true! The rules are simple. First, you must be a teenager. Second, your dream must be possible to fulfill (we can't send you to the moon . . . yet)! And third, you must send a picture of yourself. Send your dream to:

DIG'S CLOUD NINE
Box 550
Hollywood 28, California

The dream of DORIS JOY,
Miller, South Dakota

● "My dream is to meet (someday) a boy who's tall (6' 2"), tan, with dark black hair, brown eyes, and a handsome physique. This is probably the most common dream of all girls, but I'd love to have it come true for me."

We know a lot of boys who meet your requirements, Doris, and we're sending you their pictures. But maybe your Dream Man is someone who's reading DIG right now. So here's what we're going to do. We're going to ask any DIG reader who fits the description of Doris's Dream Man to send us a picture and a short note telling us about yourself. We'll send all the mail we get to Doris, and let her select her Dream Man and then we'll see that the two of you get together and we'll take pictures of the historic meeting and print them here in DIG! If you fit the bill, write to DIG'S DREAM MAN, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. You may be the Dream Man that'll make Doris's Dream Come True!

YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE! DIG'S CLOUD 9

"...can you help me find Clyde?"

The dream of JOAN CUMMINGS, 316 Myrtle St., Santa Cruz, California

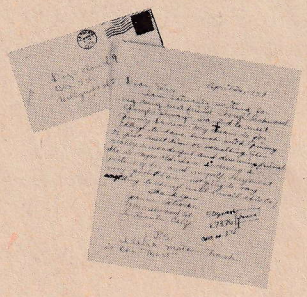
● "I'm fourteen years old, and I'd really be on Cloud 9 if you could help me find the address of a boy who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah. His name is Clyde Hamilton. His parents' last name starts with "E" and that's all the information I know. Is that enough for DIG to possibly make my dream come true?"

It's almost *enough, Joan. We checked with the phone company in Salt Lake, and with the schools there, but we haven't had any luck in finding your "Lost Clyde." So we're going to do what we always do when we run into a snag, and that's call on DIG's readers for help! If any of you know how we can locate Clyde, won't you please write to DIG's LOST CLYDE, Box* 550, *Hollywood* 28, *Calif., and tell us his address or phone number? When we find him, we'll print* your *picture here in DIG and Clyde's picture, too, and we'll send you* $20 *for your part in helping make Joan's dream come true? If you can help us find Clyde, write to us... today! We'll be waiting to send you your loot!*

"...Could me help

The dream of SANDRA WETMORE 22 Maple Street Brandon, Vermont

"My cousin was afraid to



The dream of ABE LINCOLN, Box 29, Ganado, Arizona

● "Today while I was looking among my cousin's homework papers, I found a letter of his in which he tells about his Cloud 9 dream. He never mailed that letter, and my dream is to have *his* dream come true. My cousin (His name's Herbert Kirk) was given a record player, but he doesn't have any records to play on it. He's a Navajo Indian (so am I) and he's in the eighth grade here. Please, DIG, make his (and my) dream come true; My fingers are crossed."

Uncross you fingers, Abe (What a name that *is, Mr. Lincoln)! DIG is sending your cousin an assortment*

"..a fan club for ADONIS"

The dream of GINNY MARTIN, 391 Verona Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

● I'm president of the fan club for Harry Hersh, the best-looking boy who ever lived! He's just starting his career and he's really out of this world. I'd give anything if DIG would help me get some members for Harry's fan club (we already have 500) and also if you'd print something about Harry in your wonderful magazine, truly the magazine with the largest heart in the world!

Thanks for the compliment, Ginny. We're proud to announce Harry's fan club here in DIG. Anyone wanting to get info about the club should write to Ginny at the address shown above. And anyone wanting to see a pic of "the best-looking boy who ever lived," just turn to page 35! We're happy to make your dream come true, Ginny, and we wish both you and Harry all the luck in the world!

DIG possibly help other teenagers?"

● "I guess you'd call me a softy, but more than anything in this world I'd like to be able to help other teenagers. Everybody needs someone to confide in, and I'd like to offer myself as a "listening ear" for any teenagers who need help. I'll be glad to write to anyone who has a problem, who's lonely or unhappy or needs someone's help or advice. I hope you don't think my dream is foolish. And I'm hoping you'll make it come true.

We don't think your dream is foolish, Sandra. As a matter of fact, it's one of the most unselfish dreams we've ever read. We agree with you about everyone needing someone to talk to, and we're making your dream come true, hoping that many of DIG's readers will, indeed, find you a "friend in need." Anyone with a problem or anyone who's lonely or anyone who just wants to talk a little is invited to write to Sandra. We know this is one way DIG can help thousands and thousands of teenagers get together, and more than anything else in the world, that's the kind of thing this ridiculous magazine likes to do. And by the way, Sandra, you better watch out. Trajen saw your picture, and the first letter you're going to get is from him. And you can take it from us, he's one fellow who really *has a problem!*

mail in his dream"

of RCA Victor records to start his collection! We're sending a box of twenty-five or more records, and they're all his to play to his heart's content. They're the very latest and best records RCA Victor makes, and we know your cousin Herb will enjoy them. This should be the surprise of surprises for Herb, because he didn't *mail us that letter, and he'll never figure out how DIG knew about his dream . . . until he reads about it here! We know you're supposed to wish Navajo's "happy hunting," but in this case we think a simple "happy listening" is a better way to tell you congratulations, DIG has made your dream come true!*

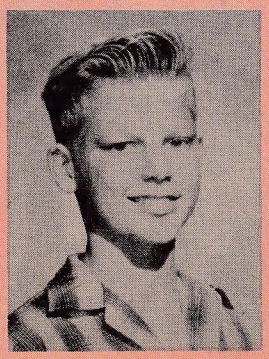
"...Why can't I get girls to go out with me?"

The dream of ROGER TETREAULT
80 Metro Park Ave., Seekonk, Mass.

● "I'm 18, and even though I'm pretty popular, I can't seem to get girls to go out with me unless I'm going steady with them. I was talking with one of my old girls and she asked me who I was going out with. I said no one will go out with me unless we're going steady. She said, get off it, you know a lot of girls would like to go out with you even if you aren't going steady with them. We talked it over and after awhile I asked *her* for a date, and you know what she said? She said she couldn't because she's going steady with someone else now! You see my problem? It's enough to give a person a big fat inferiority complex. I'm writing to Cloud 9 because I need help! I've got to find out if there're *any* girls left *anywhere* who'd go out with me!"

We'll bet we already know the answer to that, Roger, but we're going to try a ridiculous experiment, anyway, just to see *how right we are. Here's what DIG is going to do. We're asking all girls to take a look at Roger's pic up above, and to decide whether or not you'd like to have a date with him. Like he says, he's 18, and he's also 5'11" tall, has blond hair and blue eyes, likes swimming, baseball, football, cars and dancing (mostly dancing). If you'd be willing to go out with Roger, here's what we want you to do. Write a letter to Roger and tell him about yourself. Tell him* why *you'd be willing to go out with him.* And enclose a photograph of yourself! *But don't send the letter to Roger. Send it to DIG, at the address shown below, and before we turn it over to Roger we'll first* print the picture of every single girl who writes in and says that she's willing to accept his offer of a date! *That's right, we'll print* every *picture of* every *girl who accepts Roger's offer! This should show the entire world how many girls are willing to date our Dream Man, even if they aren't going steady. If you're one of these girls, write* right away *to ROGER, % DIG, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California.*

"...just to have my pic printed in DIG"



The Dream of
Bill Walker
42 50 Don Way
San Diego, Calif.

● "My dream is a simple one. All I want is to have my picture printed in DIG! That's all! I'm 5' tall, 100 pounds, blue eyes, blond hair, and 13-years-old. Like I say, my dream's a simple one, but I can't tell you how important it is to me!

We sure agree with you Bill, your dream is *an easy one for DIG to make come true. But we'll bet there's more to it than just that. We're printing your picture here, as you dreamed, for all the world to see. Now do us a favor, and write and tell us why you really wanted your pic in DIG so bad. It all sounded kind of mysterious and we'd like to uncover the mystery. If you'll write and tell us the real reason, we'll print it right here in DIG next month. Like cloak and daggersville!*

"now I can walk for the first time...if only I could learn to skate!"

YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE! DIG'S CLOUD

The dream of
KITTY LEVIG
RR 3, Brainerd,
Minnesota

● "My dream isn't to go to the moon or become a millionaire, but to me it would mean more than these. When I was 5 months old, I was crippled with polio. They told me I'd never be able to walk without braces, but last November I walked for the first time in my life... by myself! Since then, I've learned how to walk (at first, I could only take a step or two), and now my doctor tells me I can take advanced exercises to strengthen my legs. He even says my lifelong dream is now a possibility: I can actually learn how to roller skate. With all the hospital bills and expenses my folks have had, buying a pair of skates is impossible. What makes matters even worse, my feet are two sizes and I'd have to have shoe skates. (I take an 8 on the left and a 4½ on the right.) Please don't think I'm ungrateful for wanting a pair of skates. I'm thankful as it is that I can just walk!"

We don't think you're ungrateful, Kitty; in fact, we wish everyone *could be just like you! It's our proud and happy pleasure to make your dream come true, and we're very thankful to the Chicago Roller Skate Company, world's largest and best manufacturers of skates, for making a special pair of skates... just for you! These aren't just ordinary skates, Kitty, the ones you see Mr. Ware (vice-president of the Chicago Roller Skate Co.) holding in this photo. Mr. Ware had the shoes form-fitted by the Paul Reidell Shoe Co., in Red Wing, Minnesota, and then your own, exclusive pair of skates were permanently attached to them. We hope you'll have the thrill of your life, Kitty, learning how to skate, and we want all the people at the Chicago Roller Skate Co. to know how much we apppreciate all they have done in helping us to make another wonderful Dream Come True.*

These are the Chicago Roller Skates we had made especially for Kitty!

"Please help me meet Jeff Spencer!"

The dream of LAUREL DOUGAL, Box 458, Del Mar, California

● "My friends are always talking about Kookie on the TV show, *77 Sunset Strip*. I'll admit Edd Byrnes is wonderful on the show, but why do people forget the *other* excellent actors who help make it a success? My favorite is Roger Smith, and my dream is to get to go to 77 Sunset Strip and meet him. I realize that there's not really such a place as 77 Sunset Strip, but you asked for our 'crazy' dreams, and that's mine. It may be crazy, but I can dream, can't I?"

And we're glad you did *dream, Laurel, because more than anything we like making "crazy" dreams come true! And yours sure was crazy . . . wanting to visit a place that doesn't even exist! We called Roger and told him about your letter to Cloud Nine, and he suggested that we bring you to Hollywood and take you out to Warner Bros. Studios, where the stage set with the 77 Sunset Strip building is located. So that's what we did! Roger says it was a real ball, having you as his guest on the set for the whole afternoon. We don't know what the two of you were talking about all the time, but it must have been important from the way you were both laughing and jabbering over there in the corner between takes. And craziest of all, you actually got to meet Roger at 77 Sunset Strip (as the pictures prove) even though it was nothing but a fake stage set! We're happy to have made your dream come true, Laurel, and we thank Roger Smith for proving that the "impossible" can be done!*

Laurel's dream comes true when she meets Roger at 77 Sunset Strip!

"I'd like to "go crazy" in a cosmetics store!"

The dream of BARBARA REINGRUBER, 15 Leewood Circle, Eastchester, New York

● "I've always dreamed of being able to go wild in a cosmetic store and take every color of every lipstick (and ever other kind of make-up that I liked) home with me. Sounds crazy? Well, it is, but I'm interested in make-up as a career so it isn't *that* crazy! I live way off in Eastchester, New York, and we have no cosmetic stores around here (except the drug stores, but they don't count) so my dream wouldn't be easy to fulfill. But you said to let our minds run rampant, so there's my dream. Have I a chance to see it come true?"

You already know the answer to that one, Barbara. You did *see your dream come true. We arranged with Max Factor to have his entire salon on Fifth Avenue in New York City put at your disposal. Then we whisked you into New York and let you spend a whole afternoon going through hundreds and hundreds of styles and shades of lipsticks and cosmetics of all kinds. And you were free to take anything and everything you wanted! We don't know how much lipstick and powder and foundation and creams and other make-up you took, Barbara, but we* do *know that the next day, Max Factor's Fifth Avenue Salon was almost completely out of merchandise! Anyway, you had fun and your dream came true, and Max Factor was happy to help us make it all possible. And one thing we're sure of, you'll probably never have to* buy *another tube or bottle or jar of cosmetics ever again!*

What girl hasn't dreamed of being able to go into a cosmetic store and take everything in sight? Max Factor let Barbara do exactly that!

Free

FREE!

free!

FREE!

MAX FACTOR HERE IN HOLLYWOOD WILL MAKE UP A BEAUTY KIT JUST FOR YOU!

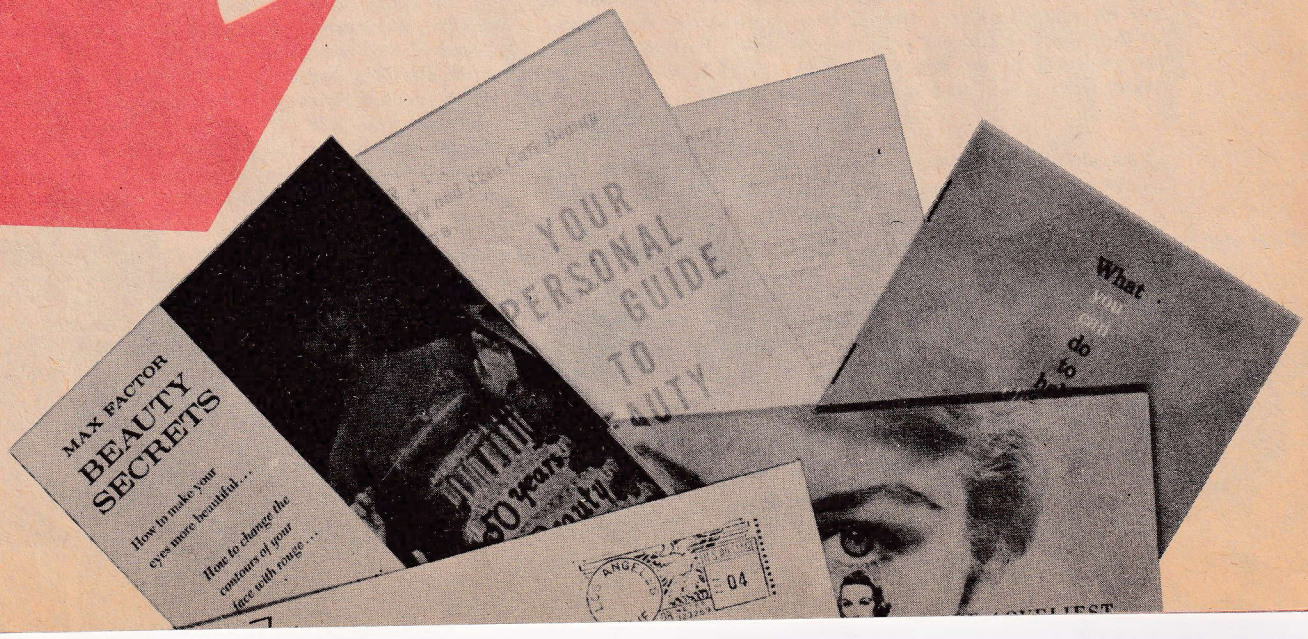
Exclusively for readers of DIG's HEN HOUSE! A complete beauty kit prepared especially for you!

That's right! You can receive a personal guide to beauty, prepared especially for you by Max Factor, if you're a reader of DIG! Just send a good, clear photo of yourself, along with your height, weight, age, hair and eye color, and 10c (to cover cost of mailing) to DIG's Hen House, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. You'll receive your personal Max Factor beauty check-up and kit by return mail! Send in today, because these kits are limited!

Report No. 2

■ LOSING WEIGHT is about the hardest thing in the whole world to do . . . *if* you like to eat! (And who doesn't!) Two months ago, Fran Chatlin decided to go on a diet, and she asked DIG to help her do it. We're helping her lose 35 pounds (she's already lost 19) by having her see a doctor and get professional advice, and by sharing hints and pointers with her which other DIG readers (who've had to go through all this) send in. Fran is kind of embarrassed this month, because she's only lost 7 more pounds, but we think she looks a whole lot better. Don't you? If you have any ideas for Fran, Send them to DIG right away. Won't you, please?

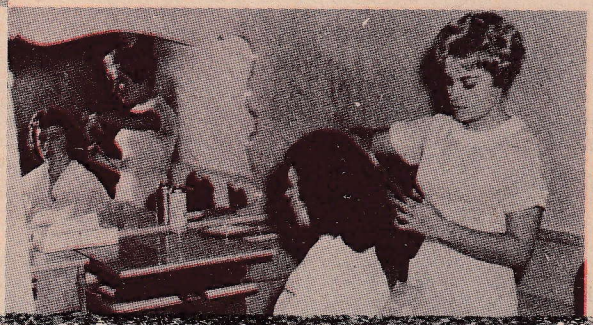
the HEN



Remember Diane Koper, the girl who wrote in to DIG's Cloud 9 and wanted to "bcome a new person" several months ago? Well, DIG made her dream come true by sending her to the John Robert Powers school in her home town (Detroit, Michigan). Diane's been taking the Powers Model course, and learning all the secrets of beauty.

Diane said she was terribly shy to start out with, a problem most of us face. We thought you might like to see what's been happening to Diane while her dream was coming true. Here she is at the John Robert Powers school, learning about voice and diction and how to speak correctly. This is as important as learning to use make-up.

Part of Diane's beauty course, up to now, has also included a complete hair re-styling (shown here), and a full series of instruction in the right way to use cosmetics. And Diane says the shyness has already left her! In future issues we'll tell you the other wonderful things that happen to Diane as her dream comes true!



HOUSE

CONDUCTED BY JANEY MILSTEAD

■ *HI, THIS IS JANEY MILSTEAD, your Hen House editor! Last month I told you about our wonderful idea for getting "chicks" to work in the Hen House answering letters from our faithful readers. Take a peek at last month's HH, and you'll see what I'm talking about. Well, the idea is working out fabulously! Thanks to all of you for coming to my aid. And now, a few Q's and A's which I think you'll be interested in:*

Q I have a lot of dark hair on my arms, and it makes me self conscious. Should I shave it off, or learn to live with it? (**TM**, Madison, Wisc.)

A **Don't ever "learn to live" with anything that makes you feel unattractive, and don't shave your arms either! Bleach the hair, and it won't be so noticeable. Be sure to follow the directions on the peroxide bottle.**

Q Every time I use soap on my face it feels like I've rubbed it down with sandpaper. I don't feel clean just using cold cream. What can I use? (**Jannie**, NYC)

A **Buy a bottle of Noxema Skin Lotion and use it with water, just as you would soap. It's the greatest!**

Q I'm just starting to wear lipstick. How do I know what color and brand to buy? (**OL**, N. Platte, Neb.)

A **Stick with dainty pinks and clear reds, and you can't go wrong. Lipstick that sells for less than $1 per tube isn't worth your money. Some of the best brands are Max Factor, Revlon, Tussy, Charles of the Ritz, Dorothy Gray.**

If you have a question of any kind, or if you'd just like to chick chat, write to me, Janey, at DIG's Hen House, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. I'll be looking for your letter.

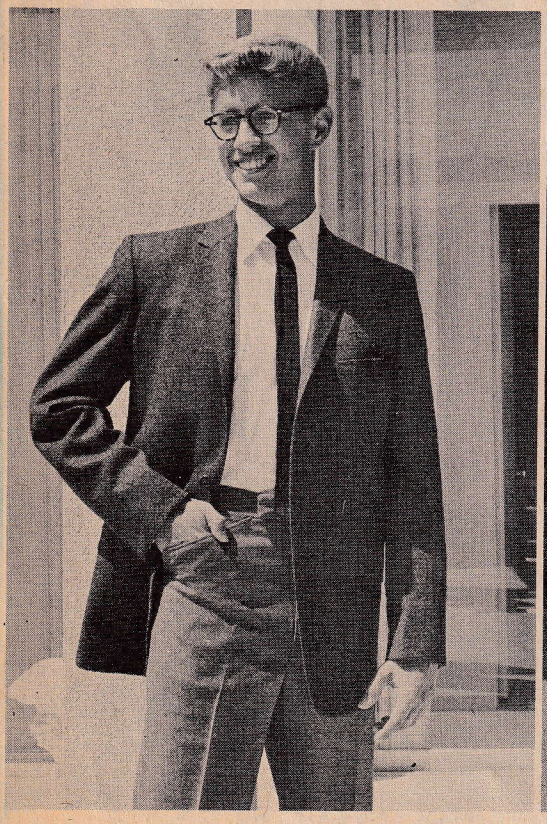
BULL SESS

■ the Continental ■

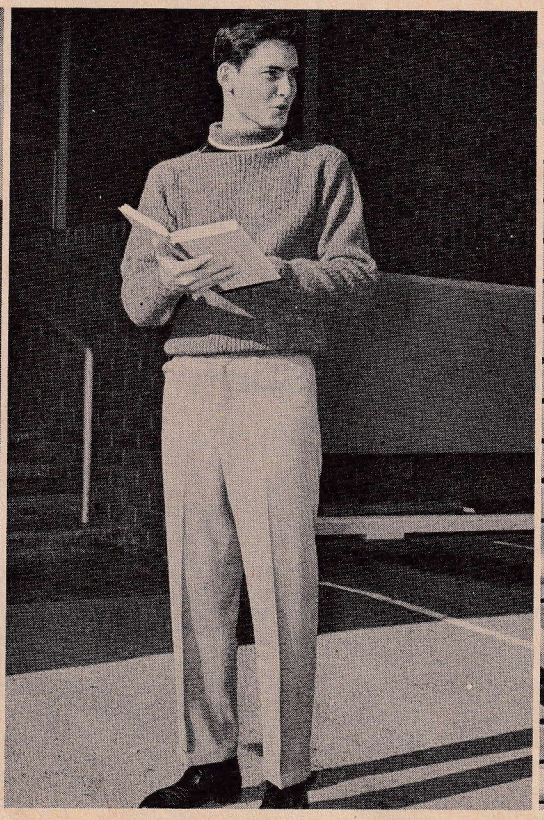
■ MOST PEOPLE HAVE the idea that men's clothes never change in style. But they're wrong. Even though the change is slow and gradual, men's styles *do* change. Take for instance the old double-breasted suits. When single-breasteds came in, double-breasteds went out. But they didn't go out over night, like women's styles do. It took almost ten years for single-breasted suits to completely take over. Today, you're really out of it if you wear a double-breasted suit for *any* reason. Single-breasteds have become the only thing.

Until last year, the Ivy-League-Look had taken over in men's fashions. But at the beginning of 1959, a new style appeared, the Continental-look. And now, everything's becoming Continental. If you're buying clothes now, that's the only style to buy. The Continental look is going to be here for at least five years, and you'll be investing well if you invest in this brand new look.

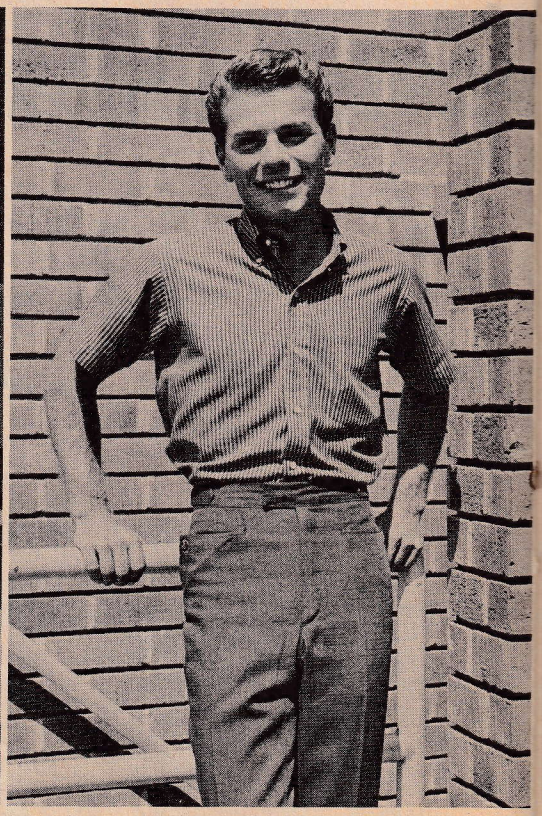
Continental is the name of a style; there're shoes with the continental look, and shirts and suits and ties and slacks and even socks. The style gets its name from the continent of Europe, where these designs first started. In Italy, for example, they've been making suits in this style for years. That's where the style for our Continental suits comes from. Sports shirts in the Continental style originated around Capri and other European resorts. Continental-style sweaters were first made in Switzerland and France. Continental shoes got their start in Italy. And so on, with each item of this great new style having originated somewhere (and probably a long time ago) in Europe. We in America are now going in big for this "new" style. You should know about it. Right now, it's the only thing.



Slightly padded shoulders, semi-peak lapels and slash pockets are typical of the Continental look.



The bulky knit, coupled with pleatless, tapered pants are big features of the new Continental look.



Continental trousers are pleatless and have no belts, only an adjustable waistband. Note slash pockets.

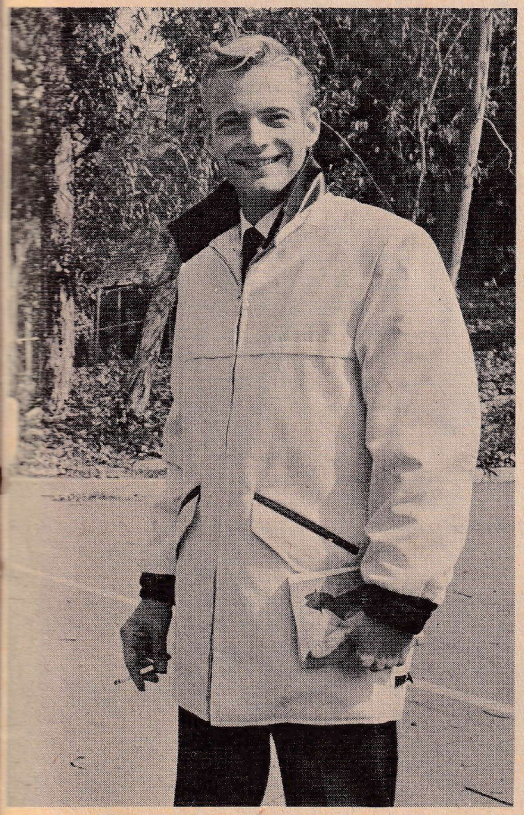
ION

by JACK HYDE

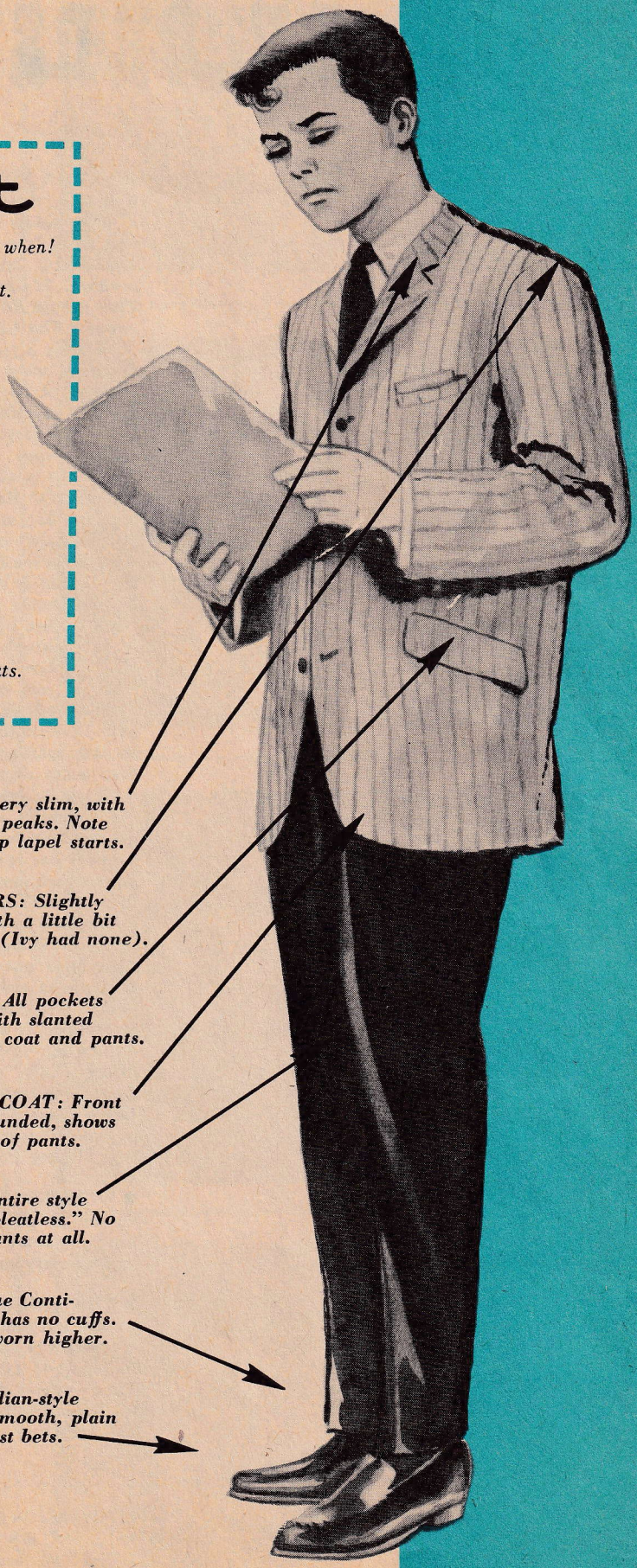
✓ Check List

Special hints to help you know what to buy, how to wear it . . . and when!

- ✓ *True Continental-style coat doesn't have a breast pocket. Sports coats have slanting slash lower pockets, suit coats have slanted or flapped lower pockets.*
- ✓ *Continental coat doesn't "hang straight," like other coats. You can see air between the waist and sleeves of a Continental.*
- ✓ *Continental look is slim and slender. Trowsers are narrower, have no pleats, no belts, no cuffs.*
- ✓ *It's correct to button the top button alone, the top two buttons, or all three buttons on a Continental coat. But never button the middle button only, as you do Ivy coats.*



New fingertip-length of jackets, plus knitted cuffs and collar are the very newest Continental style.



- ***LAPELS: Very slim, with high, small peaks. Note how high up lapel starts.***
- ***SHOULDERS: Slightly squared, with a little bit of padding (Ivy had none).***
- ***POCKETS: All pockets are large, with slanted openings in coat and pants.***
- ***CUTAWAY COAT: Front is highly rounded, shows much more of pants.***
- ***PLEATS: Entire style is almost "pleatless." No pleats on pants at all.***
- ***CUFFS: True Continental style has no cuffs. Slacks are worn higher.***
- ***SHOES: Italian-style slip-ons in smooth, plain black are best bets.***

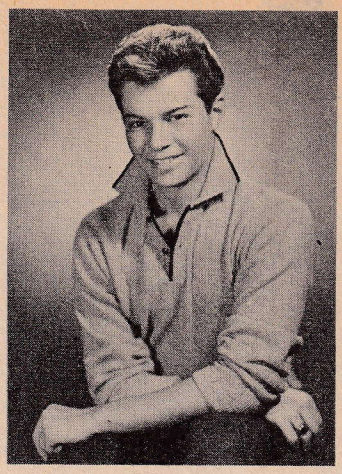
RECORDSVILLE *by Chuck Lee*

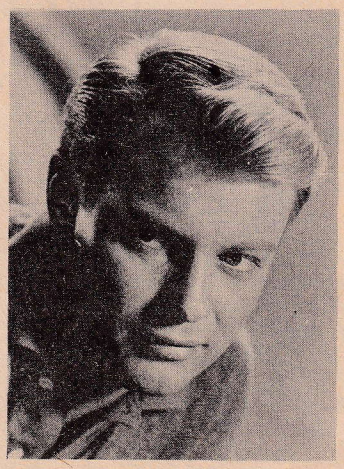
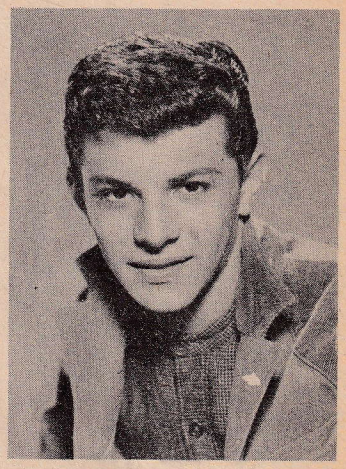
■ NEWS & NOTES: A lot of top stations banned Stan Freberg's *Old Payola Roll Blues* from the air-waves (for obvious reasons), but it still got plenty of plays across the country. The best laugh of all in this neat disc was the part about "the sharp, pointed stick." And I thought *I* was the only one who wondered if someone wasn't standing behind Freddy Cannon with a darning needle... *It's great to have Bill Haley and the Comets back on the scene. They started Rock and Roll in the first place with their history-making "Rock Around The Clock." Their latest disc "Skokiaan" was recorded by Louis Armstrong a few years back. His version was better, but it's still good to see the Comets back in circulation*... I'll buy anything Paul Anka has to sing except his recent *Puppy Love*. Leave us not get too carried away... *I'll buy anything Andy Williams has to sing, period*... Brook Benton and Dinah Washington sound much better together than they do apart. No arguments, please!... *Just a note to all the people who keep saying "It's too bad Ray Peterson will never make it." Come on now, if hit after hit isn't "making it," what is? Ray is an ordinary-looking guy who wouldn't win any beauty contests, but so what? It's the sound that counts, and sound he's got!*... Afterthought: we could use more voices like Ray's and less beauty contest winners in the record business... *Rod McKuen's weird album, "Beatsville," asks "What Is a Fabian?" Now, THAT'S a good question*... "Handy Man" by Jim Dandy may sound like the night call of a wounded crow, but for some reason, I like it, I like it... *Latest in a long line of tear-jerkers was Mark Dinning's "Teen Angel." After suffering through "Endless Sleep" and all the other "eye-wetters," this was about more than I could take. But, I'll admit it was a lot better than those others*... While I'm complaining, I can't overlook my gripe about a disc (?) called "You Don't Know Me," a past hit recently recorded for Cadence by Lenny Welch. Or should I say recently *murdered* by Lenny Welch. Need I say more?... *Jerry Fuller is the first young singer to come along in too long with everything it takes to be a success in any profession*... If Tuesday Weld ever makes a record, I may shoot myself... *Ray Charles is a talented guy, but if he doesn't slow down on that screaming, he may break something. Like my ear-drums*... Dooto Records has re-released the old Penguins hit "Earth Angel," and I'm glad. Brings back memories. I'm sorry for anyone who hasn't seen these characters in person. They're a complete crack up!... *I don't care what anyone says. I just don't like "Darling Lorraine." Maybe it's the name. Are people really still christening their girl-children Lorraine, Martha, Agnes, Lucille, etc.? Let's hope not*... Give me more, more, more by David Seville and The Chipmunks and I'll be happy. If these records are for "little kids" (like people keep telling me) (while I'm humming the chorus of "Alvin's Harmonica"), just call me *Chuckie... DIG may fire me for saying this, but I think the Surfers are the worst vocal group I've ever heard in my life*... "Hully Gully" makes me feel like doing just that, only I need a partner. Anyone interested?... *Will Eddie Fisher ever have another hit record? Doesn't look like it*... Would you believe it? Someone (Buster Brown to be exact) has actually made a record called *Fannie Mae. Fannie Mae?* Good grief. Buster Brown? Double good grief!

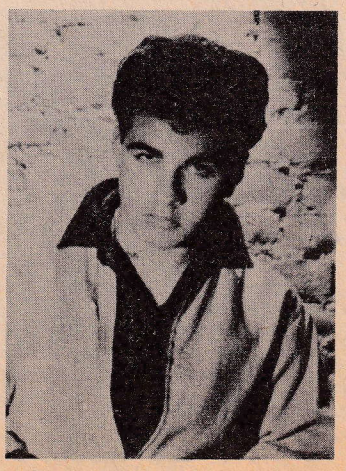
■ WORST RECENT RECORD: *Outside My Window* by the Fleetwoods, on Dolton. Two great ones like *Come Softly To Me* and *Mr. Blue*, and then *this?* Oh come on now, you can do better than *Outside My Window* with multiple laryngitis!

■ THE TEN BEST RECENT SINGLES: (chosen not by sales figures or payola, but because I happen to like them.) (1) *Waltzing Matilda* — Jimmy Rodgers, (2) *Tall Oak Tree* — Dorsey Burnett, (3) *Sixteen Reasons* — Connie Stevens, (4) *Little Bitty Girl* — Bobby Rydell, (5) Theme From A *Summer Place* — Percy Faith, (6) *Why Do I Love You So?* — Johnny Tillotson. (7) *Midnight Special* — Paul Evans, (8) *Down By The Station* — Four Preps. (9) *Lady Luck* — Lloyd Price, (10) *Bulldog* — The Fireballs.

P.S.: Just in case you want to argue with me, pick a quarrel, challenge me to a duel, ask a question, or tell me how wonderful I am, my name is Chuck Lee. And my address is DIG's Recordsville, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California. I'd sure like to hear.





EVERLY BROTHERS

Don (22) and Phil (20) started their career at the ages of 8 and 6 . . . worked with their parents as a family singing group in Brownie, Kentucky . . . Don's hobby is collecting antique guns . . . Phil likes horseback riding and sports cars . . . latest record is LET IT BE ME . . . one of their best.

GENE BUA

Here's another teenage newcomer to the record business . . . his first disc is called DANNY and we think his voice sounds as good as he looks . . . if you're interested in joining his fan club and giving his career a boost, write to Marilyn Ross, at 178-10 Wexford Terrace, Jamaica 32, New York . . . she'll supply the info.

BOBBY VEE

Fargo, North Dakota is the hometown of this sixteen-year-old singing discovery . . . recorded his first platter in Minneapolis last year . . . now with Liberty label . . . played sax in his high school band . . . first nationally distributed record was SUZIE BABY . . . now going strong with WHAT DO YOU WANT . . . remind you of Rick?

MIKE RUSSO

Born Michael Nicoletti on June 7, 1941 . . . adopted by Russo family when parents were fatally stricken with pneumonia . . . collects all kinds of records from jazz to rock and roll . . . favorite subjects are music, art and science . . . has a record coming out soon which should start him up the ladder.

FRANKIE AVALON

His first flick was GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND . . . real name's Avalone (av-a-lone-ee) . . . loves Italian food and girls with dark hair and blue eyes . . . wishes secretly to grow a mustache . . . favorite color is red and he's got a collection of red sweaters . . . misses his family most while traveling.

TROY DONAHUE

6'3" tall . . . born in New York City on January 27 . . . blue eyes, blond hair . . . missed out on an appointment to West Point when he injured his knee in a high school track meet . . . he wanted to be an actor anyway . . . you saw him in "A Summer Place" . . . his next one is "Crowded Sky."

RALPH DE MARCO

Won quite a few amateur talent contests in New York . . . Guaranteed Records heard him . . . you probably know the rest . . . his record of OLD SHEP hit the charts all over the country . . . now on a personal appearance tour in the East . . . he's seventeen . . . lives in the Bronx . . . went to Christopher Columbus High.

JERRY FULLER

Here's another pic of one of the big newcomers of the year . . . he's twenty . . . comes from Fort Worth, Texas . . . his latest record I DREAMED ABOUT MY LOVER was picked to click by DJ's all over the country . . . you can write to Jerry at Challenge Records, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

JERRY WALLACE

Six feet tall . . . twenty seven years old . . .born in Kansas City . . . moved to California with his folks when he was in high school . . . first big hit was HOW THE TIME FLIES in 1958 . . . his mom was a successful torch singer . . . lettered in both track and football . . . Navy veteran . . . latest hit is LITTLE COCO PALM.

KENNY BAKER

Twenty-one year old singer-songwriter . . . discovered at the Pasadena Playhouse where he was a student . . . signed by Orbit Records . . . born in Washington . . . latest record is LOOK AROUND b/w YOU'RE NOT HERE . . . on his way to a two-year hitch in the Army . . . his hobby is playing the guitar and acting.

CONNIE STEVENS

Real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia . . . her first album for Warner Bros. is titled CONCHETTA . . . attended P.S. 75 in Brooklyn . . . helped out on Kookie's big record KOOKIE, KOOKIE LEND ME YOUR COMB . . . she's twenty . . . now working steadily in movies and HAWAIIAN EYE TV series . . . loves music.

ROD BERNARD

Nineteen years old . . . 5'5" tall . . . hazel eyes . . . black hair . . . he's from Opelousas, Louisiana . . . in high school he formed a six-piece combo known as "The Twisters" . . . now he's with Mercury Records . . . had a big record not long ago . . . new version of the oldie JUST ONE MORE CHANCE . . . watch for a new one from this guy soon.

FABIAN

Last name is Forte (four-tay) . . . will make a pic soon with Bing Crosby . . . digs steak and french fries the most . . . wishes most girls would talk less and listen more . . . likes to read adventure stories—mostly about African safaris . . . is glad that he's finally out of school!

HARRY HERSH

An Elizabeth, New Jersey boy, he's 5'10" with brown eyes and curly hair . . . he's nineteen and an actor . . . will make a movie soon called "Love In Jazz" . . . favorite sports are horseback riding and bowling . . . has never gone steady but says he wants to . . . doesn't care if girls are pretty or not "so long as they've got a sense of humor!"

CHAN ROMERO

18-year-old Chan is 5'5" with dark wavy hair and big black eyes . . . signed with Del-Fi records . . . first disc was "Hippy Hippy Shake" b/w "If I Had A Way" . . . was discovered by Ritchie Valens . . . loves baseball and track and girls with long hair . . . started a dance called (yep) the "Hippy Hippy Shake."

BOBBY CURTOLA

A Canadian import, Bobby's been singing with a combo called the Bobcats and the Stratocoasters . . . likes wearing his hair long and wavy on top and short at the sides . . . digs rock and roll the most . . . says he's dying to meet a girl about fifteen who likes music, swimming and Italian food!

INTIMATELY YOURS

by William Adrian

A personal column for girls by the nation's top authority on teenage modeling and fashions.

■ LAST MONTH, I TOLD YOU a little bit about a type of modeling that *every* girl can do; publicity modeling. Every city and community has a need for models of this type. These're the girls who are *Miss County Fair* and *Miss Trade Show* and *Miss Be-Kind-To-Dumb-Males-Week* and a million other Miss This's and Miss That's which you can think of.

As I told you last month, these can either be commercial jobs (such as the Maid of Cotton or Miss Rheingold) where you get paid, and paid well, or they can be strictly publicity jobs (such as the Rose Bowl Queen) where no pay is involved but at least your name is in the headlines and you publicize *yourself* as well as the event or product which is sponsoring you.

In the commercial end of publicity modeling, many jobs pay very, very well. One of the top paying publicity modeling jobs I can think of is the Miss Rheingold promotion, which I mentioned a few moments ago. The lucky girl who's chosen to be Miss Rheingold (she's usually a teenager) receives over $50,000 for her year's "reign." But equally important to the girl herself, her face appears on billboards and in magazines and on television all over America. She greatly enhances her value as a model, and she's really set up for life, so far as her career is concerned.

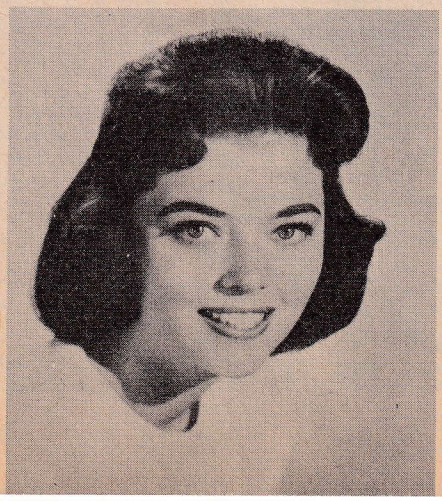
Another wonderful publicity job is as the *Dan River Fabric Girl.* College girls from all over the country are carefully screened for this highly sought-after honor, and four are chosen each year, one for each section of the country. These girls earn over $200 a week for this easy and fascinating "work."

The problem with jobs of this kind, so far as *you're* concerned, is that a beginner or an inexperienced model almost *never* has a chance to even get as far as the finals in these competitions. Only the most-experienced and most-beautiful young, fresh-looking models really have a chance.

So my suggestion to you, if you're interested in modeling, is this. Scan your newspaper every day to see what kinds of possible local publicity openings there may be in modeling. If even a corner furniture store has a big sale coming up, and it plans to have a local girl be its *Miss-Big-Sale-Week,* try out for the job. Start on a small, local scale, and see if you're right for this kind of modeling work. And remember, even the small non-paying or low-paying assignments will give you the most important thing of all; valuable experience. Remember too that you have a good chance in these small local jobs because these companies or events want *local* girls to represent them, not nationally famous models. The local girl helps get publicity for the event or product, and that's what the sponsors are most interested in.

And finally, a girl doesn't have to be a raving beauty to get one of these jobs. If you're neat and dressed well and have good photographs to show the prospective employers, you'd be surprised how important these things will be in helping you get your first publicity modeling assignment. Of course, beauty helps a great deal, too, but many "Queens" are not *beauty* queens, and these days, prospective employers of publicity models are looking for much more than mere good looks in the people they hire; they're also looking for warmth and personality and neatness. If you have these qualities, you have a *good* chance to be a successful publicity model.

These are the photos Candy Watson uses to get her modeling assignments.



Editor's note: William Adrian will gladly answer your letters, whether they're about modeling or good-grooming problems. Please enclose a snapshot of yourself, and write to William Adrian, 100 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif. Cover girls Sheri Rice, Diane Wagner, Lynn Langlois, Sharon Girot, Candy Watson, and Kathy Kersh all do their share of publicity modeling.

AFFILIATED WITH ITNS

RHYTHM and NEWS

FINAL

DIG MAGAZINE'S *ORIGINAL* NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORLD'S TEENAGERS

VOLUME FIVE | America's *FIRST* Teenage Newspaper | DIG, 1960

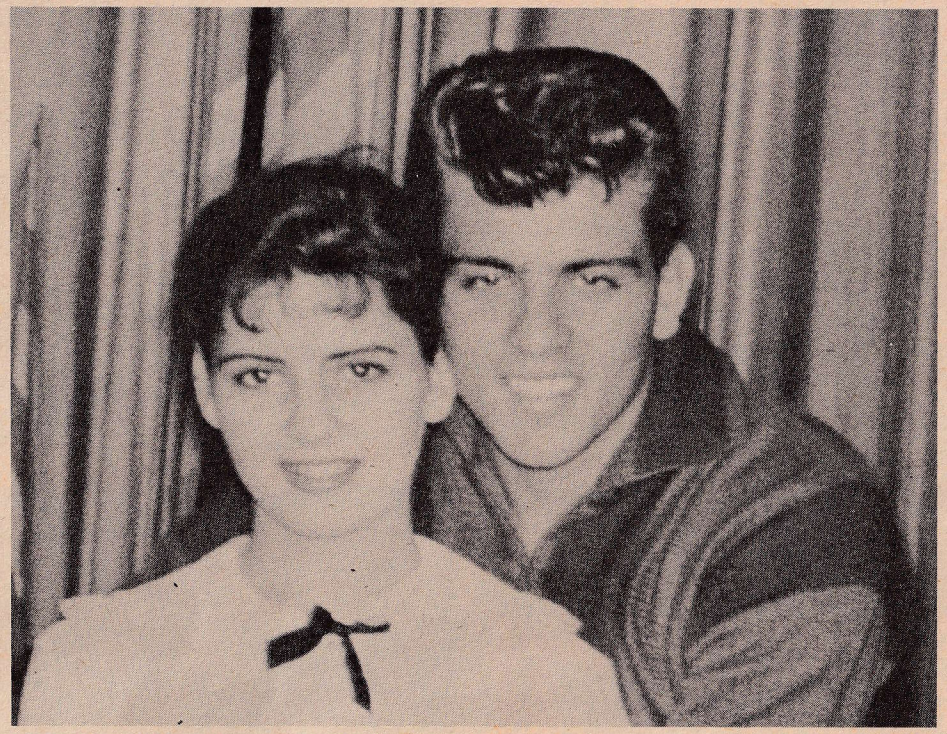
YES ELVIS IS BACK, BUT IS HE STILL OUT IN FRONT?

GRACELAND '60 (*ITNS*)—Barely two months ago, Sergeant Elvis Presley returned here to "Graceland," his beautiful home (it's a mansion, really) after having spent a year in Germany as a soldier in Uncle Sam's army. His first night home, he celebrated a late Christmas, complete with tree and presents. And then he got some sleep. Some much-needed sleep.

Sergeant Presley is *Mr.* Elvis Presley now. His two years of active duty are finished, and even his severest critics admit that Elvis was a great credit to himself and to the United States army throughout his entire army career.

Elvis went into the service without a complaint two and a half years ago. He was riding high at the time, the most fantastically popular entertainer in all of show business. He was Mr. Number One in every department, including money-making! (Elvis is still in the 91% income tax bracket.) When he entered the service, the question Elvis had to ask himself was this; will I ever be as popular and successful in my career again? Will I be forgotten after my two years are up?

He's asking himself much the same questions again today. It's true that Elvis is mobbed wherever he goes, but these days even the least-known entertainers are given this treatment. And it's also true that he's

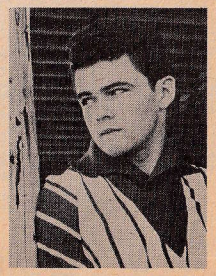


WEST DANBY, N.Y. '60 (ITNS)—We don't know why Fabe's got his arms around Judi Clazier, but we DO know that Judi doesn't mind a bit! Judi's a high school junior in West Danby, New York. She's been in show biz since she was a little girl and appeared in the movies. When her parents moved to New York, Judi continued to study her acting, dancing and singing. And it's paid off! She's appeared in several shows with Fabian, and with Gerry Granahan and the Ink Spots. Judi won't tell what happened that night, the night this picture was taken. But we bet it was something wonderful, because she just gets dreamy-eyed and nearly floats away when anyone mentions it. When it comes to her career, though, Judi's got both feet planted firmly on the ground. She's heading for California next year to try her talents in the movies.

WILL ROD LAUREN'S BIG SPLASH TURN INTO A NOSEDIVE?

NEW YORK, '60 (*ITNS*)—Just four months ago, newcomer Rod Lauren was introduced by RCA Victor as "the discovery of the decade." Overnight, Rod was plunged into the biggest publicity splash ever given a new singer by RCA (and that includes Elvis)! One record, a single, was released along with the million tons of publicity, but it proved RCA's point; Rod has *real* talent and he *can* become one of the biggest singers in the business, if talent alone means anything.

Unfortunately, it doesn't mean much. Talent isn't the really important ingredient in the recipe of stardom. Much more important is that indefinable "something" which a person either has or doesn't have, that "something" which causes fans to go wild and record sales to soar. And the strangest part of it is that you can't buy this "something" and you can't create it, either. A person either has it to start with, or he doesn't. As of this moment, no one's certain whether or not Rod Lauren's got it.



Rod is ruggedly handsome, yes, and he's had at least one successful record, and he's got great talent. But these things don't tell the real story. Much more important is the reaction of the

been very big in every personal appearance (including TV) since his return.

But will it last? Isn't it just possible that this flash or returned popularity is nothing more than a flash, and that the other entertainers who became popular while Elvis was gone will continue to outshine him now?

We think the answer is "No!" Every survey conducted by ITNS puts Elvis way ahead of even his closest competitor in the race for popularity. In a survey of 1,211 ITNS members this last March, for instance, Elvis received 803 votes as America's "Top Entertainment Personality," almost twice the number of votes received by all the others combined!

It's true that Elvis will probably never again be as white-hot in popularity as he was at the very peak of his career. But no entertainer can be white-hot forever, and none in recent history has remained as fabulously popular as Elvis for nearly the same amount of time.

Elvis has changed in a great many ways since his hitch in the army. Everything he says and does now shows a growth and a maturity that just wasn't there before. Add this to his talent, and you've got a "new" Elvis who will certainly be impossible to stop . . . and will probably be impossible to top!

Who've We Got Here ?

HOLLYWOOD '60 (*ITNS*)—All we can tell you about the four rugged individualists shown here is that they've got a band or they sing in a quartet. Trajen found this photo lying under the desk and we can't figure out what gives. If you can help us out, please write to DIG-GOOFS-IT-AGAIN, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif., and tell us who these four are and how we can reach them. For your trouble, we'll send you a free subscription to either DIG or to Farm Journal. (State your preference in your letter, and you better watch it, kiddo!)

No More Word Games !

HILLSBORO, N.D. '60 (*ITNS*)—In the last Word Game printed here in DIG, John Robledo, of Hillsboro, North Dakota, points out that some of our match-ups were pretty unflattering. Like, Fabian Forte came out Fat Fairy and Bobby Darin came out Bungling Dope. Paul Anka was Pampered Ape and Elvis Presley was Eerie Partypooper. Well, you see what we mean. So we've come to a big decision. No more word games. EVER! NEVER EVER ANOTHER WORD GAME HERE IN DIG! HONEST!

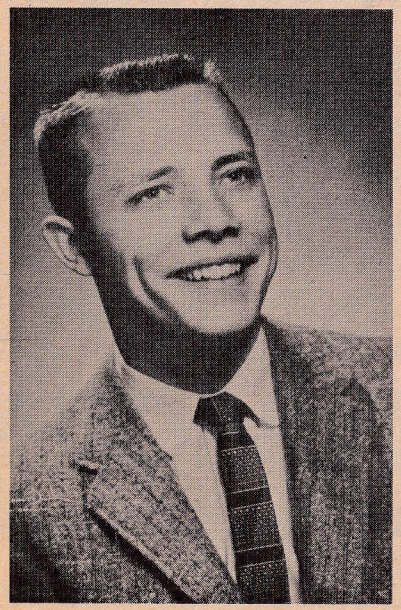
Another Word Game !

HOLLYWOOD '60 (*ITNS*)—Well, this just goes to prove that you simply can't trust us around here! Here's another Word Game, submitted by ITNS member Horton. (We don't know the first name . . . write in and tell us what it is, will you Horton?) As with all these completely asinine deals, you take your initials and match them up with those below to see just exactly what you are. Please don't write in about this. We know it's foolish, but then, what *else* have you got to do during study hall?

A	*Ancient*	*A*	*Acrobat*
B	*Brainy*	*B*	*Burglar*
C	*Clammy*	*C*	*Caveman*
D	*Dynamic*	*D*	*Deadbeat*
E	*Embarrassed*	*E*	*Elephant*
F	*Feeble*	*F*	*Flirt*
G	*Georgeous*	*G*	*Gangster*
H	*Hardhearted*	*H*	*Highbrow*
I	*Ignorant*	*I*	*Infant*
J	*Jealous*	*J*	*Jailer*
K	*Keen*	*K*	*Killer*
L	*Lovable*	*L*	*Lump*
M	*Masterful*	*M*	*Mess*
N	*Naughty*	*N*	*Nature Lover*
O	*Oldest*	*O*	*Old Timer*
P	*Passionate*	*P*	*Pimple*
Q	*Quiet*	*Q*	*Quack*
R	*Radiant*	*R*	*Ringworm*
S	*Studious*	*S*	*Snake in the Grass*
T	*Touchy*	*T*	*Touchy*
U	*Ugly*	*U*	*Undertaker*
V	*Vulgar*	*V*	*Veterinarian*
W	*Wonderful*	*W*	*Wart*
X	*Xultuadle?*	*X*	*X-Ray*
Y	*Youthful*	*Y*	*Yak*
Z	*Zany*	*Z*	*Zebra*

ITNS This entire edition of RHYTHM & NEWS was edited and written by members of INTERNATIONAL TEENAGE NEWS SERVICE

My Favorite DJ



OMAHA, NEBR. '60 (*ITNS*)—I would like to tell you about a great person, and a great DJ. His name is Jim Hummel. He's a DJ on station KOIL here in Omaha.

Right now, Jim is suspended by a tire 100 feet in the air. He has lived in a station wagon for over 15 days, and has done many really unusual things. You have to see and talk to him to believe how crazy and wonderful he is.

Jim is a considerate person. His fan club is the largest here in Omaha, and grows every day.

Jim is also very handsome, and all the girls have mad crushes on him. Including me. My name is Charla Lawver, and I live at 4113 S. 21 St., Omaha, Nebraska. If anyone would like to know more about this truly fabulous DJ, just write to me!

If you'd like to submit your favorite DJ for consideration here, send his pic and some info about him to DIG's FAVORITE DJ, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. We'll send you five free record albums and we'll send the DJ $10.03. Please also enclose your own pic.

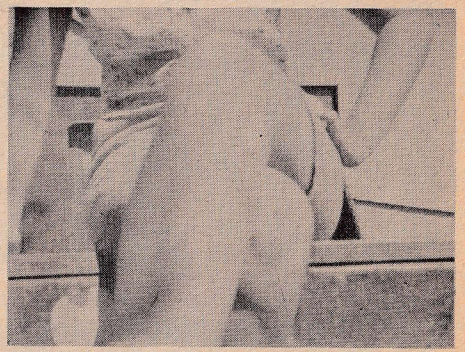
millions of fans who're deciding right now if Rod's got that "something."

If their verdict is yes, Rod will be floating in the clouds of fame. If their verdict is no, he's headed for the biggest nose dive in history!

LIKE, A POEM

by L. Petrie, 12225 W Howard, West Alles 19, Wisconsin

When I kissed her rosy lips,
I thought that I would linger.
But when I caressed her lovely hair,
A cootie bit my finger.



Drunk Judges Select Year's "Best Photo"

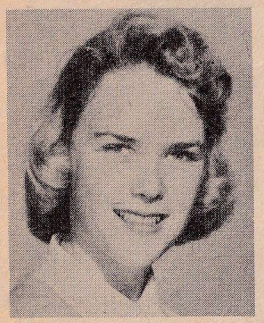
BUFFALO, N.Y. '60 (*ITNS*)—Well, we've done it again! Here's another exclusive scoop, brought to you by the ridiculous editors of this ridiculous magazine! This time, it's the Prize-winning photograph of a pretty girl's face, taken by our ITNS photographer, Cheri Hirschman, of Buffalo, New York.

Just take a look at this picture. Have you ever seen such a beautiful face in your life? Those eyes, that hair, the lovely smile? No wonder it was picked by our judges as being the best photo of all!

We could give you the technical details about this beautiful picture, including the kind of camera used and all that, but why spoil everything?

There is *one* slight thing you should know, however. And that's that Cheri (who took the picture) had hiccups when she snapped the shutter. Maybe *that's* why the stupid pic is so fouled up. Oh well.

EDITORIAL



GUEST EDITOR:
LYNNE FISHER
13431 Williamette Drive
Westminster, California

This month's guest editor of* Rhythm & News *is a senior at Huntington Beach High School in California. She's 5'2", has blue eyes and blond hair, and is an active club member in school. Lynn's also a charter member of the International Teenage News Service.

Do you run your own life, or let others run it for you? Do you know when to go along with the crowd and when not to? These are questions we should all ask ourselves. There are times to follow the crowd, it's true, but there are also times when you should be an individual and use your own mind.

During our teens we find it hard not to listen to our friends. We find it *especially* hard where dating is concerned. A girl often won't go out with a boy simply because her friends don't approve of him, not because *she* doesn't approve. Remember—*you're* the one going out, not your friends. What one person likes, the other person may not; but that doesn't mean either person is wrong.

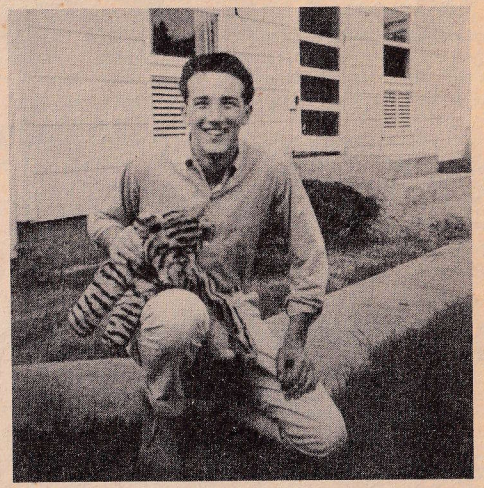
From the ages of thirteen to eighteen, boys have the hardest time trying to become individuals. Boys have to be careful to keep with the right crowd, but they also have to be careful that the right crowd doesn't become the *wrong* crowd.

Boys and girls often are the victims of their friends. Smoking often becomes a habit, not because *you* want to smoke, but because your *friends* want you to. Drinking is often caused by the same thing. You don't want to drink, but the crowd you're with wants you to. In my opinion, there is nothing wrong with either if you do them because you *want* to. But if you're doing them only to be "stylish," quit fooling yourself.

Before going along with the crowd, be sure their plans agree with what you really "Dig."

DOES HE LOOK LIKE SOMEONE YOU KNOW ?

MYRTLE CREEK, ORE. '60 (*ITNS*)—Every time we print a picture of a look-alike here in DIG, someone wants to run us out of town. We get letters from people who tell us we're out of our minds (why don't they tell us something *new?*) and other letters from people who tell us to STOP PRINTING STUPID THINGS LIKE THIS! Well, we apparently can't take the hint, because here's a boy who looks just like Jimmie Rodgers or you can fry us in goose grease. His name is Dennis Fredrickson and he lives at Box 803, Myrtle Creek, Oregon. (If anyone asks us how he fits into that little Box 803, we'll get violently ill!) If Dennis doesn't look exactly like Jimmie Rodgers in this picture, we'll go away quietly. But say. Why is he holding that tiger in this pic? Maybe he thinks he's Fabian. Why don't you write and ask him? All we ask is, just don't write *us* about this. We've got too many problems as it is.



CLASSIFIED

All these Classified's are "on the house," meaning FREE to DIG's readers! Send your message to Lost and Found, Personals, or Swap & Sell, in care of DIG, Box 550, Hollywood 28, Calif. Use a postcard, please.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Butch Swieringa, 15, 5'6". Last seen in Highland, Indiana. If found, please contact Janet Steele, RR #3, Box 343, Dowagiac, Michigan.

LOST: Diane Jones who was last seen in Bad Nauheim, Germany in 1954 and believed to be living in Louisiana. If found, please contact La Vonne Madison, 701 4th St., S, Columbus, Mississippi.

LOST: Margaret Beavers, a childhood friend I'd like to write to again. Last heard from about two years ago in Wenatchee, Washington. If found, please contact Linda Phillips, Box 523, Okanogan, Wash.

LOST: Sandy Kirkpatrick, 16, last known address in San Francisco. If found, please contact Walt Creed Jr., 1415 Roosevelt Ave., Redwood City, Calif.

WANTED: Donations from everyone (1c to 10c). I'm trying to get back to Alabama, and I can't walk! Ann Platt, 1609 Bradley St., Schenectady 4, New York.

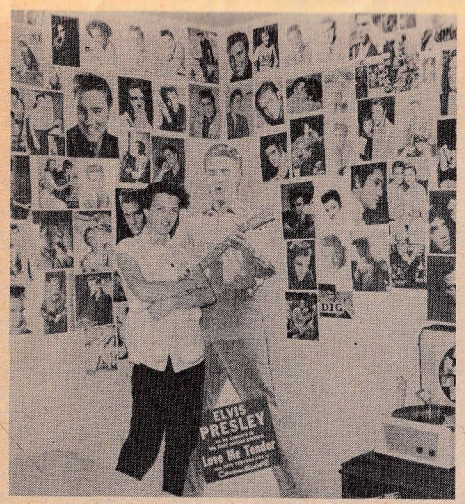
ATTENTION: Will pay or trade for any 45 rpm record by Fabian. Please write Dian Potter, 1675 St. #, Saint-Laurent, Montreal, Canada.

DIG PERSONALS

Johnny Arvelo: Now that we've been going steady for five years, I want the world to know I love you.
Wilma Snider, Kingston, N.Y.

Steve Turzich of Madison, Wisc.: I've been dying for you to ask me to dance.
A Taft Friend

Jerry of Montebello, Calif: Don't look at me that way when you're with him.
You-Know-Who



UP IN KAY'S ROOM

RIVERSIDE, CALIF. '60 (*ITNS*)—We've heard of contests where people had to squeeze as many words as possible on a postcard (there's a contest like that in this issue of DIG, on page 10), but we'd never heard of anyone trying to squeeze a million pictures of Elvis up on the wall of a room.

Not until we heard about Kay McClellian, that is. But then we heard about Kay's room and we got a picture of it just to prove that we don't have a big fat hole in the head. You can see for yourself how Kay has (or rather, *had*) her room fixed up. Such a deal. Only when they had to wallpaper did the pictures come down. But, according to Kay, they're going right back up again when no one's looking!

If you have a room that's on the ridiculous or unusual side, send us a pic of it and we'll send you $5.33 if we print the pic. Just think, you *too* can become a Big Spender! Send in that pic today! (OK, OK, we'll go quietly.) (But send the pic!)

SMALL FAVOR?

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF. '60 (*ITNS*)—In a recent letter to this slightly ridiculous magazine, Emily Focht, of Huntington Park, California, asked if we would do her the "big" favor of printing just a small picture of her here in DIG. Big-hearted small-timers that we are, we agreed! So here it is, our promise fulfilled! *Now* aren't you sorry you bought this magazine?

LIKE, A POME

by Florence, 640 Lincoln St., Rockville, Maryland

I tell you true, I'm through with guys,
'Cause all they do is tell you lies.
They break your heart, they make
you cry,
They make you want to go and die.
The way they treat you is a sin . . .
Wow! Dig the guy who just walked in!

DIG-TIONARY

We'll pay a full 37c for every definition we use in the DIGtionary! If you send in 100,000 definitions, and we accept them all, just think, you'll make yourself $37,000! Well, what're you waiting for? Submit DIGtionary items to ITNS DIGtionary, Box 2750, Hollywood 28, Calif. Please use postcards only.

CLAWS, *fingers;* FEELERS, *fingers;* FORKS, *fingers;* FIVES, *fingers; GROUND* GRABBERS, *shoes; MAP, face;* DREAMBOX, *head;* ATTIC, *head;* PEEPERS, *eyes;* DRUMSTICKS, *legs;* HINGES, *elbows;* AIR BAGS, *lungs;* BENDERS, *knees;* MIKES, *ears;* FLAPS, *ears;* COLT, *young man;* FILLY, *young woman;* BROOM, *cigar;* CRACKED ICE, *diamonds;* DEEP SIX, *grave;* GABRIEL, *trumpeter;* HEAVY WET, *rain;* CHIME, *the hour;* BLUE, *sky;* MOO JUICE, *milk;* HEAVY HEAT STRETCH, *summer;* HOOP, *a ring;* DESK PIANO, *typewriter;* IN - AND - OUTER, *door;* INSIDER, *pocket;* EEP, *creep;* FLEA, *pest;* SUNBEAM, *life of the party;* WACKY HACKY, *wild driver;* PAPER CAPER, *written test;* MAD HATTER, *class clown;* FLINT, *a cheap person;* SQUIRT, *freshman;*

LOST: Billy Joe Williams, a very good friend who was last seen in Shawnee, Okla., in July of 1959. May be living in California. If found, please contact J. Smith, 275 Turk #312, San Francisco 2, Calif.

LOST: Zanonia Franz, who was last seen when we graduated from Floresville Junior High. Last known address was Fairview, Texas. If found, please contact Don Smith, Box 364, Round Rock, Texas.

LOST: Sue Ellen Allen, 15, red hair, green eyes. Last seen in Puerto Rico, but may have moved to California. If found, please contact Gloria Arbeit, 104 E. Colonial St., Philadelphia 20, Penna.

LOST: Butch, who's tall, blond, 14 years old, and lives somewhere in Wisconsin. Has a sister, age 15. I met him at American Bandstand in July of '59, on his vacation. If found, please contact Angela Sayre, Box 152, Buchtel, Ohio.

LOST: Harry Busby, 17, who was last seen in Edmonton, and believed to be living somewhere in Saskatchewan. If found, please contact Eileen Hollings, 330 Goward, RR 1 Royal Oak, Victoria, BC, Canada.

LOST: Anne Hastings, blonde-brown hair, 5'4", living somewhere in the Los Angeles area. Last seen in a tipped-over sailboat and at the Yacht Club dances, summer of '59. If found, please contact Bob Sheeler, North Shore, Lake Arrowhead, California.

LOST: Dave Armantrout, 16, 6'1", blue eyes, blond hair. Last seen in Ash Grove, Missouri and believed to be living in San Leandro, Calif. If found, please contact Pat Downing, 1519 South Gary, Tulsa 15, Okla.

LOST: Noel Daskam, medium height, brown hair. Last seen in Washington DC. We were best of friends in Chile, but we lost contact. If found, please contact Sarah Hoagland, Apartado #659, Panama, R de P.

LOST: Terry Brant, tall, brown hair. We were friends unti she moved last year to somewhere in the vicinity of Castro Valley, Calif. If found, please contact Joan Stevens, 9 Lakeview Ave., Short Hills, New Jersey.

LOST: Judy Freested, who was last seen in Aurora, Colorado in March of 1959 before she moved to Mission, Kansas. If found, please contact Kitty L. Morrow, 2280 Lansing, Aurora 8, Colo.

LOST: Dennis Nichols, who last lived in Grafton, Wisconsin. He's short, has brown hair. If found, please contact Shirley Blank, Rt. 1 Box 317-A, Grafton, Wisc.

LOST: Lynn Ann Hynes. She's a pen pal of mine, living in Tucson, Arizona, and I've lost her address. If found, please contact Sammy Hardison, 613 W 7th St., Columbia, Tenn.

DIG SELL & SWAP

WANTED: Old copies of DIG with Fabian in them. Will pay. Contact Barbara Noren, 303 S 10th Ave., St. Charles, Penna.

ATTENTION: Will swap post cards of Nova Scotia for pennants of your state. Judy Garland, PO Box 679, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada.

WANTED: Photos of Elvis Presley taken at the Pan Pacific or Shrine Auditoriums. Frances Missey, 11033 Pine St., Lynwood, Calif.

SWAP: Will trade post cards of Vancouver for post cards of your area. Gloria O'Neill, 873 E Hastings St., Vancouver 4, B. Columbia, Canada.

WANTED: Newspapers from (or around) June 18, 1959 and January 11, 1960. Will pay or help with your hobby. Write Larry Ecton, 173 Sunrise Lane, Levittown, New York.

FOR SALE: Records, fairly priced. Send self addressed, stamped envelope for list. Terrence Cultra, West Seminary, Onarga, Illinois.

SELL OR TRADE: 8mm 50 foot film titled **Creature From The Black Lagoon,** like new, nothing spliced out. Will trade for another film, or sell. Contact Joe Campbell, Box 226, Fayette, Alabama.

To the boy who goes to the store with Nelson Walls: You say your name is Nelson. What is it, really?
Guess Who of Conway, Ark.

Willy: I've got a crush on you.
Plain Jane, Terre Haute

Neil of Beverly, Mass.: Your hair is too long. How about wearing it the way is was in Las Vegas?
Sandy

Butch S.: The stamp is still upside down.
Chick of Dowagiac, Mich.

Dick P. of Galesburg, Ill.: Please hurry up and come to Calif. We're dying to see you!
Dee Do and Tona

Gayton of Xavier: Out of the "3 Musketeers" you're the only one with manners. I hope you keep coming to P.S. 41 on Friday nights.
A Girl Who's Crazy About Uniforms
New York City

Bill Clay of Concord, N.H.: My mailbox is pretty dusty.
Mail-Less

Jerry Hobbs of Campbell, Mo.: Please, oh please, forgive me for the way I treated you.
Lois Wiedeman
RR 1
Piggott, Ark.

Doris C. of Webster, Mass.: Will you hurry up and write? The natives are getting restless.
E. B. Yreka, Calif.

Jeanne of Chicago: You're nuts. I've never even heard of Calvin Park High School.
King

Cathy Lee of San Francisco: Sorry I didn't write. We were good friends; send me your address so we can stay that way.
Karen of Mundelein

Bill Tucker of Chillicothe, Mo.: Remember the Rainbow dance at Jefferson City this summer? I do. Would like to write to you.
Susan Magee
Box 8
Richland, Mo.

Jack: Go to heaven and get a transfer. Dig?
Pat of Nebraska

Smart-Alec Soph of Drain (Oregon) High: Why do you hate freshman girls?
An Admirer

Charles of Haddonfield, N.J.: Hands Off.
Box 242

Frank H.: I wish these six months would go by faster than they're going.
R. C. of Clifton, N.J.

Lois Donatella: Wherever you are, drop me a line. (I don't have your address) Remember the 7th grade?
L. N. K. of San Diego

Ray D.: Please let me know when you're coming next time. I'll put on my armor.
Another Girl On Your Paper Route

Sheila McMath of Pasadena: Hey, how about writing? Bob Fuel misses you. I'll be down when I graduate.
Marilyn of Seattle

Sammy E.: Why don't you walk past my house more often? I walk past yours ten times a day.
Girl In The Green House

Johnny Cox: When are you going to ask Marcella Crouch to go steady? If you don't, I know someone who will.
One Who Knows, Calif.

John Henry Bigalow, Jr., III: Drop Dead.
John Henry Bigalow, Jr., IV

Tom McInerney of Hornell, N.Y.: If you'd open those beautiful eyes of yours, you'd see I want you.
Interested

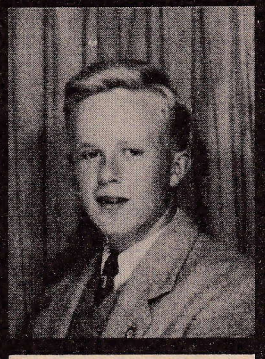
Gil Silva of Los Angeles: What's the matter? Don't you know how to write?
Bonnie of South Dakota

Jimmy Hull of Denver: What about that crush you had on me last year (you sat next to me in Mr. Fields). I sure wish you'd have it again.
B.A.B.

PAPER MATES

TO BE A PAPER MATE, SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH AND A LIST OF YOUR INTERESTS TO DIG PAPER MATE, BOX 550, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

← **SHARON JONES**
314 N. Hoover
Whittier, Calif.
I love writing letters (especially to boys) but I'll write to girls too (because I'm one). I'm 5'3", and curious about YOU!



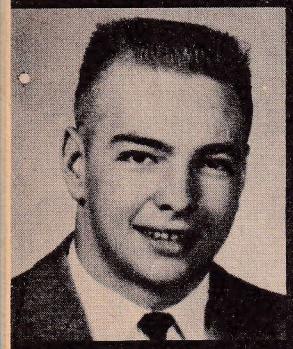
← **DENIS WHITEHOUSE**
4, Wolfe Tone St.
Cobh, Co. Cork
Ireland
I'd like to hear from teenagers all over America. I'm 17, 5'11", with blond hair and brown eyes.

→ **GREEN EYES**
224 North Oak St.
Manteno, Illinois
I love rock and roll, DIG, sports and art. I'm sixteen years old, 5'3" tall with light brown hair and green eyes.

→ **DOROTHY MARTIN**
R 3, Box 280
Tacoma, Wash.
My favorite sports are dancing, swimming and horseback riding. I'm 14, 4'11", with blue eyes and blonde hair.

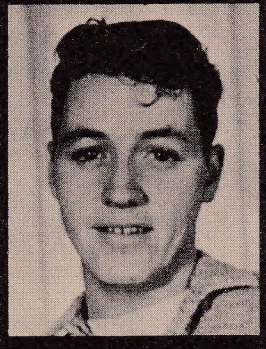
→ **ALICE CHAPARRO**
528 N. Garfield
Oxnard, Calif.
I love to write letters and I have a fan club for Bobby Rydell. I'm 14, 5'2" tall, with brown hair and eyes.

← **JUDY FORTENBERRY**
729 S. Second
Durant, Okla.
I think Fabian is the most in looks, but I love Fats Domino's singing. I'm thirteen with dark blue eyes.

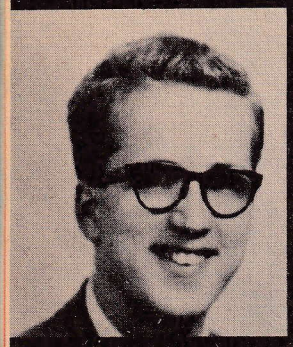


← **CHUCK BAARCH**
Room 306
Calkins Hall
Central Michigan U.
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Football, weight lifting and hockey are my favorite sports. I'm 18 years old and a college freshman.

→ **PFC FRANK ZERN**
D Btry. 1st Fa. Bn.
28th Arty.
APO 175
New York, N.Y.
I'm a nineteen year old G.I. and I'd like to write to teenagers all over the States.



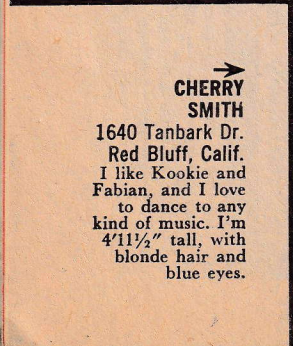
→ **BARBARA PRESSMAN**
140 Audubon Ave.
Jersey City 5, N.J.
I'm almost fourteen, and I love dancing, writing letters and Elvis. I'm 5'4½" tall, with brown hair and sort of greenish eyes.



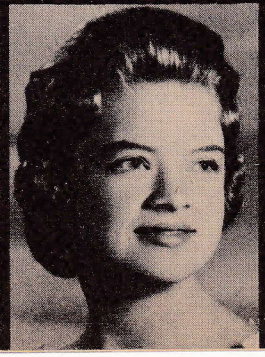
← **JIM ROSS**
6587 Willette
Detroit 10, Mich.
I'm interested in all phases of rock and roll, tape recordings, and hope to become a disc jockey. I'm 18, 5'8" tall.

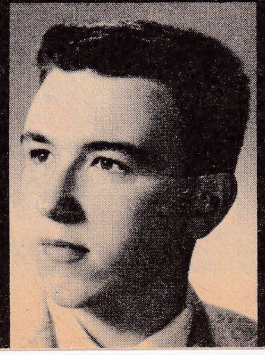
→ **DIANA BACA**
Box 19
Springerville, Ariz.
I'm thirteen, and I love horses, swimming and dancing, but mostly cute boys. I have blonde hair and brown eyes. Get busy!

← **RENA JO HEWATT**
Box 205
Beaver, Okla.
Wanted: papermates, dead or alive, but preferably alive! I'm thirteen, I have dark hair and blue eyes, and interested in Fabian.



→ **CHERRY SMITH**
1640 Tanbark Dr.
Red Bluff, Calif.
I like Kookie and Fabian, and I love to dance to any kind of music. I'm 4'11½" tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes.





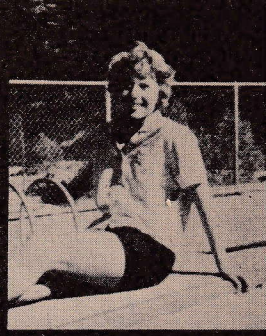
← **MIKE GOELLER**
96 Weyl Street
Rochester 21, N.Y.
Weightlifting is my hobby, and I like jazz and rock and roll. I'm eighteen, a senior in high school, with brown hair, brown eyes.

← **GLORIA DAUPHIN**
RR #2, Box 63
Savanna, Illinois
I'm almost eighteen, I have medium brown hair and blue eyes, and I'm looking for papermates from 17 on up.

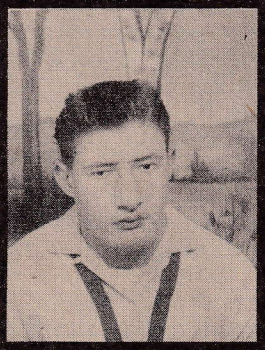
JEANNY ALLEN
1933 Curtis Ave.
Redondo Beach, Calif.
My hobbies are many, including boys seventeen and over. I'm 17, have green eyes and dark brown hair. Love to dance.

LOUIS CARRANCHO
517 Vermont Ave.
Turlock, Calif.
I'm deaf, and I can't hear or speak, but I sure can write letters if anyone's interested! I'm 18, with brown hair and brown eyes.

JENNY SAMPLE
1619 Oak Grove
Los Angeles 41, Calif.
I love to dance write, hear and see Elvis, and date. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, am five feet tall and almost fourteen.

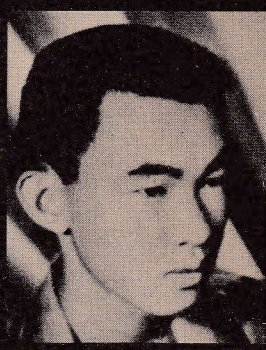


TEDDY PARNELL
4056 Page St.
Detroit 9, Mich.
My main interest is football, but I like other sports and singing. I'm 15 and would like papermates fourteen and fifteen.



SANDY LUNDGREN
16307 S. Pannes
Compton, Calif.
I love to dance, and I adore Jimmy Clanton! I'm fourteen with green eyes, brown hair and plenty of stationery!

JAMES CHING
1703 Olona Lane
Honolulu 17, Hawaii
Sketching, weight lifting and sports are my hobbies, but most of all, I dig girls. How about cheering me up? I'm 19, 5'9".



LOIS ELLIS
Route 1
Bluford, Ill.
I'm a senior in high school, and my friends call me "Mickey." I live on a large farm and plan to become a teacher. I love sports.

MAVIS BEECH
2020 Magnolia St.
Pascagoula, Miss.
My hobby is collecting post-cards, and I sing in a trio. I'm nineteen, 5'4" tall, with blue eyes and brown hair.

JUDIE EBBERT
558 S. 16 St.
Reading, Penna.
I like rock and roll, dancing and of course, DIG. I'm sixteen with brown hair, brown eyes, and waiting for mail!

JODY OFFIELD
315 W. 2nd St.
Breckenridge, Texas
How about some letters from all of you? I like sports, records, and boys, and I'm 14 with long brown hair and blue eyes, 5'3", 104 lbs.

VERNIE COATY
1954 N. Parish
Burbank, Calif.
I have golden brown hair, brown eyes, I'm 5'2" tall, and fourteen years old. I hope to hear from boys fourteen to sixteen.

MARV AUSTIN
1524 E. 64 St.
Long Beach 5, Calif.
Hey girls, I'm 17, stand 6', weigh 180 pounds and have black hair. I like discs, bowling, bongos, and girls. So, write!

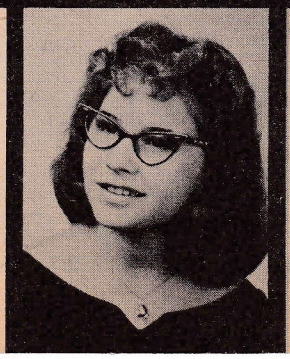
RAY BOYD
10518 Crenshaw Blvd.
Inglewood 4, Calif.
Attention girls, I'm 17, 6'1" and considered an expert surfer and dancer. I'll be going into the Marines soon and could use letters!

A/B GARY CRADDOCK
19-652-260
3376 School Sqd.
Box 63
Amarillo AFB
Amarillo, Texas
I'm a "lonely" airman, formerly of California, who'd like to hear from some cute girls!

MARLIN GOTTSCHALK
313 Vine
Brunswick, Mo.
I'm thirteen with brown hair and brown eyes. I think Elvis is the most, and as far as I'm concerned, rock and roll is tops.

LORRAINE BUTTRAM
R 1, Box 514
Eagle Point, Ore.
I love sports and listening to records, especially records by Ricky and Elvis. I'm 13, 5'3" tall with brown hair and eyes.

RICHARD OCHOA
1433 Rama Drive
La Puente, Calif.
I like Little Richard, Johnny Cash, Marty Robbins and girls. I'm 19, 5'11", with brown hair and interested in customizing cars.



DOTTIE OAKES
Cherry Tree
Pennsylvania
I'm seventeen with blue eyes, and I'm 5'2" tall. I like sports, and dancing, and would like letters from boys, servicemen included.

PROBLEMS

By PATRICIA PAUL

Talking about your problems is the first step towards solving them. This column is devoted to your problem or one just like yours. Our purpose is to help you think, decide and act for yourself. Write to DIG PROBLEMS, c/o Patricia Paul, Box 550, Hollywood 28, California. We will try to answer as many letters as possible on this page. We will not print your name, but we can answer no letter which does not give us the complete name and address of the sender.

CRABBY FRIEND: I'll be a freshman in a year and one of my best friends wants to be president of the class. She set out for this goal when she was in the 6th grade, and has never held an office of any importance before in her life. I know she won't get it because she has a bad temper, isn't very popular, and doesn't dress very nice. How can I tell her her faults without making her mad at me?

Why bother? She's going to find out for herself what having a bad temper and being a sloppy dresser will get her. It certainly won't get her the class presidency. When she doesn't attain this goal, she'll realize (I hope) that she didn't really try. Then maybe she'll start.

WATER SPORTS: For the last three years I've been learning to water-ski, but I have a great problem. I belong to three water-skiing clubs, but my family doesn't have a motor boat or a pair of skiis. I use my friends' equipment (and pay for gas) but I feel sort of selfish. My parents don't want to spend their money on this sort of thing.

This answer is for you (and for all the others who write to me, saying their parents won't buy them something they want). Pretend for just one moment that you don't have someone to supply you with what you'd like to have, and figure out a way to get it for yourself. You're going to have to start doing this sometime, so why not now? Get an after-school job and buy yourself a pair of water skiis. If you make a down payment, I'm sure almost any sporting goods store will let you finance the remainder in weekly payments.

LIPSTICK: I'm fifteen and a freshman in high school. My father won't let me wear lipstick because he thinks it looks cheap on me. I look older than I am, so why does it look cheap on me and not on other girls?

Maybe it's because you're trying to look older than you are. Heavy makeup makes anyone *look cheap. Buy yourself a tube of pink or clear red lipstick and show it to your father. Show him you know how to apply it, and let him see how you look. I think he'll change his mind.*

COMPLEX?: I'm sixteen and when I go out with a boy I don't mind him kissing me or putting his arm around me when we're alone. But when we're out in public, or driving around I just can't stand to sit close to a boy or have his arm around me. The boys I date notice this and even though I try to pretend I'm moving away to comb my hair or something, they must wonder if I'm ashamed of them. Please help me solve the problem of what I think is an inferiority complex.

Your problem isn't an inferiority complex, it's good common sense, which isn't a problem at all. I wouldn't dream of telling anyone to act or not to act a certain way because of what people might think. One of the most important factors in life is individuality. You have it, and I hope you'll never lose it. If you don't like public displays of affection, don't participate. And more power to you!

TEEN TRAVELERS: Another fellow and I want to take off for California after we finish school next year. We want to get jobs and rent an apartment. I'd like to know if jobs are hard to find, or are they easy? Do you think we could make something out of ourselves from scratch? We're both 18 years old, and working to save money for our trip. Do you think we'll have any difficulty?

I think you'll have plenty of difficulty, and maybe have to live on hot dogs a few times until you really get settled, but if you have what it takes you have every chance in the world of making it. What does it take? Enough money to get here and live for at least a few weeks until you can find a job, a pretty good idea of where you want to go and what you want to do, and the ability to learn to live with your first taste of independence. If you have these qualifications, I'm all for the move. Call us at DIG when you arrive in California. Maybe we can help you.

LONELY MOM: Fourteen months ago my father passed away suddenly. We must have been the happiest family anywhere, and now that he's gone, my mother and I are naturally sad. My crowd of friends goes to the drugstore, or the miniature golf course, or somewhere almost every night. I'd like to accept dates and go places with my friends but I feel awful about leaving mother home alone. I've never said this to her, but she seems to understand because she's told me several times to go ahead and have fun and not worry about her. But I feel so horrible out having fun when I know that she's home alone. What should I do?

I think you should be congratulated for the most unselfish attitude I've come across in a long time, but I also think you should go out with your friends. Did you ever stop to think you might be preventing your mother from finding new interests of her own by staying with her all the time? Talk to your mom, and tell her you'd like to have two special nights a week just with her, and plan ahead to do something which you'll both enjoy on those nights. Spend the rest of your evenings accepting those dates, going out with your friends, doing homework, and catching up on the many things you've probably lost interest in since your father's death.

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LETTER TO PARENTS *from page 17*

There they are, a few of them, a few of the letters I've received. I get letters like these by the bushel, and I think it's shameful! I wonder if any of you parents who are against dating have even the vaguest idea what harm you're doing to your children?

I doubt it, or you wouldn't be doing it.

Whether we like it or not, we simply must face the fact that boys and girls begin thinking about each other, and showing it, very early in life. Ordinarily this "mutual admiration society" begins in the first year of junior high school; in other words, when your children are 12 or 13. Sometimes it happens to a much younger boy or girl, and sometimes it doesn't happen until later, in high school. But you can be sure it's going to happen, whether we approve or not. It's going to happen, because it's the perfectly natural, normal thing to happen. And it's a wonderful thing, too, perhaps the most wonderful thing about life itself.

Some parents don't want their teenagers to date "too early," so they try to thwart the interest in dating, to destroy it by refusing to discuss it. But it can't be destroyed. So these parents become suspicious and they wonder if their teenagers are obeying them, and not thinking of the opposite sex. Well, you can rest assured that they're thinking, alright, even if only in the privacy of their own minds, the only privacy they're allowed.

Do you have any idea what takes place inside a teenager who's not allowed to date? Many things, frustration, anger, insecurity, a feeling of inferiority . . . so many things, things hard enough for an adult to bear, but doubly hard for a teenager.

Let me give you an example of what happened to a nineteen-year-old girl who wrote to me. All through high school, she was prohibited from dating. She didn't even dare talk to boys when her parents were looking. This lasted until her 18th birthday, when her parents grudgingly gave in. She could finally go on a date. But by then it was almost too late. Everyone else her age had already learned how to mix with members of the opposite sex. Everyone else had "grown up" socially and emotionally, while this girl had been held back in a vacuum. She should have been learning about friendships and dating and getting along with other people while the others her own age were learning these things. But she couldn't, because her parents wouldn't allow it. And in her letter to me, a year after her first date, this girl is still miserable, unhappy, and confused. She just doesn't fit in. And as terrible as it is to say this, she probably never will. She's so wrapped up in a tight little shell that only professional guidance can help her now. And that's something neither she nor

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mt=?

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her parents are financially able to afford.

Is this what parents want to "save" their children for, the "fun" of being suddenly thrown into an adult society which they have no way of coping with? Wouldn't it be a million times easier to let your children grow up gradually, naturally, instead of expecting them to become men and women overnight when they've never even gone through adolescence?

I think the answer is obvious.

Naturally, there are many problems involved in the matter of dating. And the biggest problem all parents seem to face is, "When should a teenager start dating?" Well, I have, I think, an excellent answer to that. Our schools are headed by people who have studied the needs and habits of teenagers for years and years. Let these experienced people be your guide. If your seventh-grader comes home and says that they're having a party at school, don't try to stand in the way. After all, if the school officials weren't certain that this age group was ready for party dating, they wouldn't be sponsoring the party.

As your teenagers advance in school, their dating activities will be more encouraged, last a longer time, and be more varied. All I can say to you about this is, don't worry. The school your teenager attends is never going to sponsor any kind of activity which would be harmful to its participants.

But, you say, how can you know what your teenagers are doing *after* a school function, or what they'll do on a non-school date. The answer to this is simple. They're going to do what you've taught them to do. They're not going to "behave" just because you tell them on the way out the door, "Don't do anything bad . . . be a good boy . . . be a good girl . . . come home early." No, they're going to behave because they've been taught to behave . . . by you.

Your teenager is the greatest project you'll ever have in life, even if you happen to have designed the Empire State Building, or even if you're the engineer who built it. Your child is *you*, and if you've given your child good things to feed a curious mind—knowledge, understanding, and the awareness of responsibility—you don't ever have to worry about anything your child is going to do.

I think you'll find, too, that your teenagers will accept and gladly follow certain rules of dating. And these rules? Well, here are my suggestions for the most important ones.

For instance, you can and should make certain you know who they're going out with, and where they're going, and when they'll be back. Don't let them date a person you know nothing about, or a person who you know is no good for them. But before you decide to put your foot down and make your teenager stop seeing someone, make very certain you know it's the right thing to do and not just a decision based on a personal dislike you can't explain to yourself.

Set up a curfew, and explain exactly why you're doing it. But don't be ridiculous in your demands. Find out what the other parents think about time limits, and reach a happy medium with your own teenager. If he or she comes in late, without a good valid reason, level punishment. Don't take away their "privileges" forever, but punish them. They'll respect you for it if they know they're wrong and if the punishment is reasonable, and not harsh or cruel.

I've tried to tell you, here, how your teenagers feel. They tell me things in their letters that they're afraid to tell you, and this is ridiculous. If they can't talk to you, exactly what are they supposed to do? Who is there to talk with?

I love their letters, but every time I open one I wish they could have told you, because you are close to them, and you're everything they depend on. They need you, they shouldn't need me.

I'm not suggesting that you *let* your children grow up. I'm all but begging you to HELP your children grow up. The teenage years are when they need you most.

Some of you haven't heard a word I've said. Some of you are going to say, "Don't you ever bring that magazine in this house again." I'm sorry if that has been your attitude. I could turn around and say well, they're *your* teenagers, you worry about them, I couldn't care less.

I *could* say this, but even Patricia Paul has a problem.

I *do* care. Much too much.

Your Friend, Patricia Paul

April Album Winners

Dean Sos, 701 Cook Ave, Billings, Mont; **Mary Anderson,** 1205 N 4th, Terre Haute, Ind; **Karen Baker,** Oak St Rd, Carthage, Mo; **Iris Dunn,** 203 Alkire, Topeka, Kans; **Mike Smith,** Box 224, Fisher, Ill; **Holly Joseph,** 3224 Dodge St, Omaha 31, Neb; **Karen Bubrow,** 402 E. Parkway Ave, Oshkosh, Wisc; **Kathy Weinspach,** 31 Northfield Terr, Clifton, NJ; **Melinda McKnight,** 1501 Russell St, Charlotte 8, NC; **Ron Winterberg,** Box 98, Limon, Colo; **Pam Lavelle,** 1124 Gable St, Springfield, Ohio; **Don Hildenbaand,** 154 N 9th St, Coos Bay, Oregon; **Rosemary Maedel,** 44 E 7th St, Reno, Nevada; **Lois Kittman,** 342 W. Edgewater St, Cambria, Wisc; **Karel Baumgartner,** Route 1 Box 25, Benton City, Wash; **Adele Gutierrez,** Box 362, Magdalene, N Mex; **Dave Yeiter,** 606 Oak, La Crescent, Minn; **Charlene Oldham,** Star Route, Lander, Wyoming; **Cherry Savoy,** 901 Poincianna, Mamou, La; **Donna Goldin,** Dallas Road, Buchanan, Ga; **Sidney Webb,** 109 W Olive St, E Prairie, Mo; **Coleman Wheeler,** 8009 Monroe, St Louis 14, Mo; **Linda Perkins,** 2627 Pearl, Joplin, Mo; **Larry Hunt,** 1103 S 6th St, Bonham, Tex; **Billy Stanley,** 1208 Churchill Rd, Fort Worth, Tex; **Dick Varenhorst,** 218 N 1st, Marion, Kans; **John Martin,** 323 N Main, Hoisington, Kans; **Bill Schwenker,** 312 Earl, Independence, Kans; **Rick Moon,** 2252 Jardine Dr, Wichita 19, Kans; **Gene Cox,** 2048 N 37 Pl, Phoenix, Ariz; **Shirley Raynor,** Box 123, Meridian, Idaho; **Jim Benefield,** 1303 Bedford, Oklahoma City, Okla; **Susan Miller,** 628 16th St, Ogden, Utah; **Alan Berg,** 510 Porter St, E Helena, Mont; **Ronnie Kinder,** 6033 Hickorywood Dr, Speedway, Ind; **Sandra Randall,** 2200 Orleans Ave, Keokuk, Iowa; **Alberta Van Sickle,** Rt 1 West 5th St, Ogallala, Neb; **Jane Righter,** 215 Kathery St, Mason, Mich; **Mike Loeser,** 7427 Oglesby Ave, Chicago 49, Ill; **Mary Ancona,** 6717 El Cajon Blvd, San Diego, Calif; **Mary Carlin,** 377 Cumberland St, San Francisco, Calif; **Karen Nakagawa,** 5655 Baltimore St, Los Angeles 42, Calif; **Jeanine Gomez,** 1401 Dolores St, San Francisco, Calif; **Judy Freidrich,** 5925 Shafter Ave, Oakland, Calif; **Walt Foote,** 917½ W Walnut St, Monrovia, Calif; **Joanne Davidson,** 32 Crestmont Rd, W Orange, NJ; **Karen Thorpe,** 612 E 7th St, Washington, Mo; **Linda Fannin,** 5990 Orange Blossom Lane; Phoenix, Ariz; **Donna Wright,** Rt 1 Box 383, Sand Springs, Okla; **Ruth Burdett,** PO Box 25, Bountiful, Utah

OPINIONS

(Continued from page 21)

Navy rather than running wild in the streets.

I'm nineteen and I've been dating sailors since I was sixteen. They are well mannered, and know how to treat a girl with respect. Personally, I think these teenage hoods who have nothing to do except drink, drive hot rods, and get into trouble, should join some branch of the service. Maybe then they'd learn to respect others and make something of themselves.

M.J.J.
San Francisco, Calif.

GOLDEN RULE

My folks taught me that if I couldn't say something nice about someone to keep my mouth shut. Some people who say awful things about Elvis should take a little advice. Don't you agree?

Helen Mollary
Levering, Michigan

OPINION ON MUSIC

I just don't understand how some people can be so narrow minded about music. So many teenagers have no use for any music other than rock and roll and pop. I don't agree with this point of view.

I personally don't prefer any particular kind of music. I like them all tremendously; rock and roll, classical, dixieland, jazz, and any other kind you can name except maybe African or Oriental.

Most teenagers probably don't know what they're missing by blindly excluding classical and other types of music from their lives. Music like the Unfinished Symphony can be inspiring and as enjoyable as rock and roll. I don't believe either can take the place of the other. They should both have their place in our lives.

Richard Phelps
Box 91
Plover, Wisconsin

PARENTS

To start off, I'm sixteen, and classified as a teenager. I understand how teenagers feel when they say their parents don't understand them (and countless other problems), because I'm in the same boat.

But what happens in fifteen or twenty years when the shoe is on the other foot? What will we say to **our** children when they become teenagers? We'll probably try to protect them from the world, the same as our parents are trying to do, because we'll have experienced the hardships of trying to live and be happy.

Sure, we kick and complain now about our parents and the way they treat us, but what will we do when **we** become parents?

Betty C.
Glenmoore, Penna.

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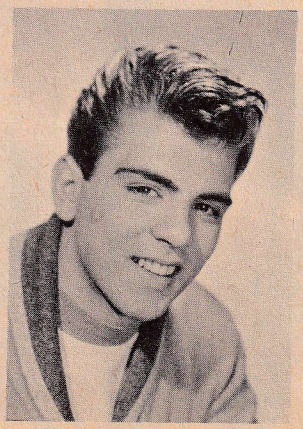

Hollywood '59 (ITNS) — A great, brand new fan club for the one and only Fabulous Fabian has been started in Hollywood, where The Tiger is currently making his first movie for Twentieth Century Fox. Charter members receive a genuine, glossy 8x10 photo of Fabian, 4 glossy wallet size photos (all different), the official club bulletin and biography, official Membership card, address information, and a sticker for the window of your car telling the world you're an official Fabian Fan Club member! The membership fee (which includes all this) is only $1! If you want to join, send in your dollar NOW to FABULOUS FABIAN FAN CLUB, Box 63, Hollywood 28, California.

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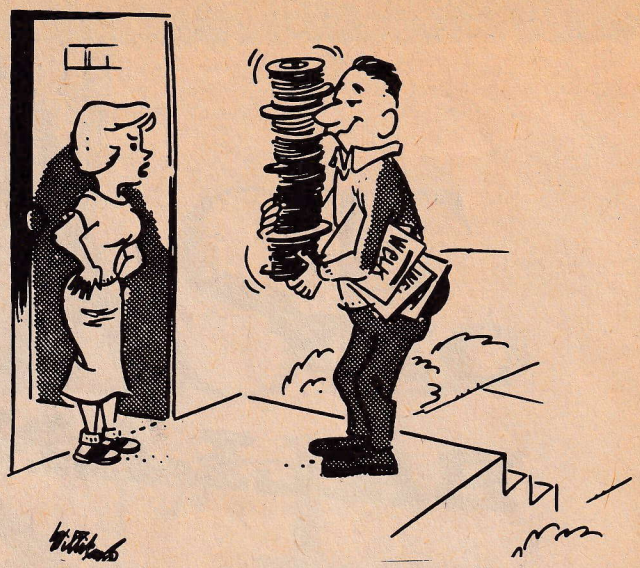


"I said let's spend the EVENING here, Harold, not the whole week!"

Question: Why did the mother spank her little boy with a violin?
Answer: She wanted him to get a musical background.
Elva Ochoa
1721 *Trinity St.*
Los Angeles 15, *Calif.*

●

Scribbled on the first page of a geography book:
"In memory of those who died waiting for the bell to ring."
Diana Stoops
1709 S. *Shelton*
Santa Ana, Calif.

Lawyer: "Now, tell the jury the truth. Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?"
Defendant: "I didn't want to wake the children."
1445 *West Brown*
P. C.
Fresno 5, *Calif.*

●

Lady of the house: "What can I do for you?"
Tramp: "I'd like a coat sewed on this button."
Kathy Huiza
1152 5*th Ave. SW*
Faribault, Minn.

Big Man On Campus: "What's that gurgling noise?"
Coed: "That's me, trying to swallow your line."
Nicki Finger
529 *Altara Ave.*
Coral Gables 46, *Fla.*

Zeke: "What was that explosion at Si's farm?"
Abner: "He fed his chickens some lay-or-bust feed and one of them was a rooster."
Barbara Ondrias
419 *Beech St.*
Lansing 12, *Mich.*

●

Mr. Jones: "I caught a fish ten feel long."
Mr. Jackson: "That's nothing, I caught an old lamp from a pirate ship."
Mr. Jones: "What's so great about that?"
Mr. Jackson: "It was still burning."
Mr. Jones: "I'll take nine feet off the fish if you'll put out the light."

Sylvia Cook
Route 3, *Box* 320
Canton, Miss.

1*st Angel*: "How did you get here?"
2*nd Angel*: "Flu."
Barbara Ondrias
419 *Beech St.*
Lansing 12, *Mich.*

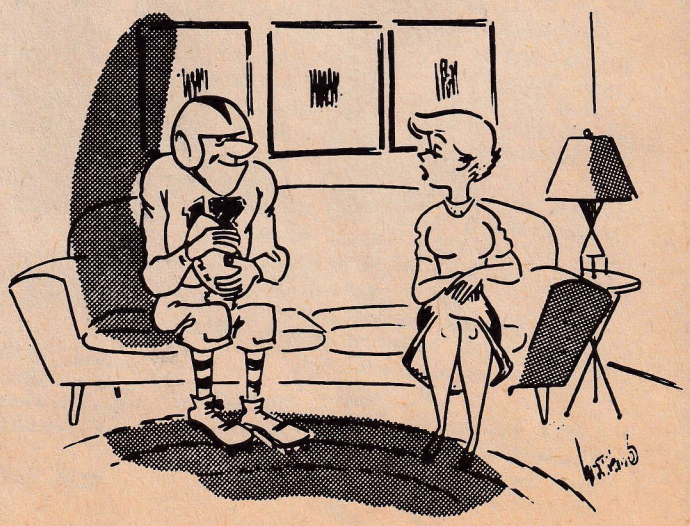
●

Jim: "What's the name of the most famous newspaper cartoon in Russia?"
Tim: "I don't know, what?"
Jim: "Believe it or else."
Rietta Klair
101 *E. Maplewood Ave.*
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Joe: "Do you believe Jonah was swallowed by a whale?"
Moe: "Sure I do."
Joe: "Well I don't."
Moe: "Okay, when I get to Heaven I'll ask him and if he isn't there, you ask him."
Ronal Brock
1718 24*th St.*
Bedford, Ind.

●

Teacher: "Name a mammal that has no teeth."
Irving: "My grandpa."
Jeff Patton
824 *Austin Ave.*
Park Ridge, Ill.



"Honest, Herman, I won't take your football away from you!"

Two little boys were selling lemonade at separate stands on the same street. The first little boy charged 3¢ a glass, and the other little boy charged 2¢. Out of curiosity, a neighbor tried a glass at 3¢, and then tried another at 2¢. The 2¢ glass was every bit as good, so the neighbor asked the boy why he was charging only 2¢.

"Well," said the little boy, "the cat fell in mine."

R. Cangas
PO Box 373
Santa Cruz, Calif.

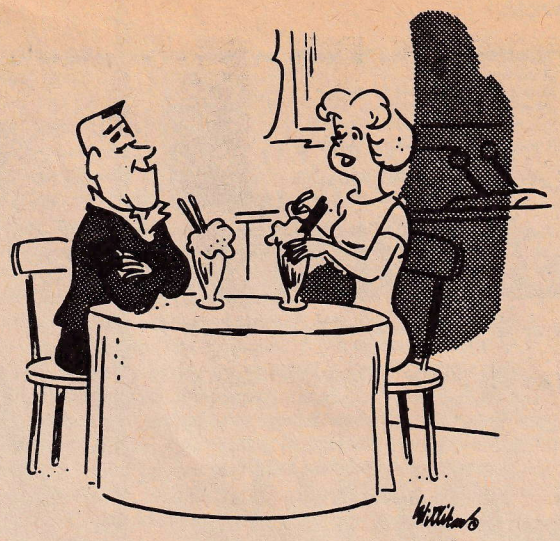
●

Did you hear about the near-sighted snake who fell in love with a piece of rope?

Graydon Harrah
41791 Road 72
Dinuba, Calif.

Boy: "I'm not myself tonight."
Girl: "I noticed the improvement."

Alice Lukens
RD #2
Duncannon, Pa.



"Well, next to yourself, WHO do you love best, Alex?"

A minister had received a large bill and there wasn't enough money in the church treasury to pay it. So the next Sunday morning he said "Tonight I'm going to tell about a man I saw with another man's wife if he doesn't put a $20 bill in the collection plate."

After church the minister found seven $20 bills in the collection and one $5 bill with a note saying, "Keep quiet and I'll pay you the rest tomorrow."

M. M.
Gore, Okla.

●

One day Saint Peter saw Boris Karloff in Heaven. He asked him what he was doing there.

"Don't get excited," Boris replied, "I'm only her on location for a movie."

Rod Simmons
Rt. 2, Box 156
Boswell, Okla.

Little Jimmy's father was amazed to see Jimmy shaking his pet rabbit and yelling "How much are five and five? Come on, how much are five and five?"

"What's the idea?" demanded his father.

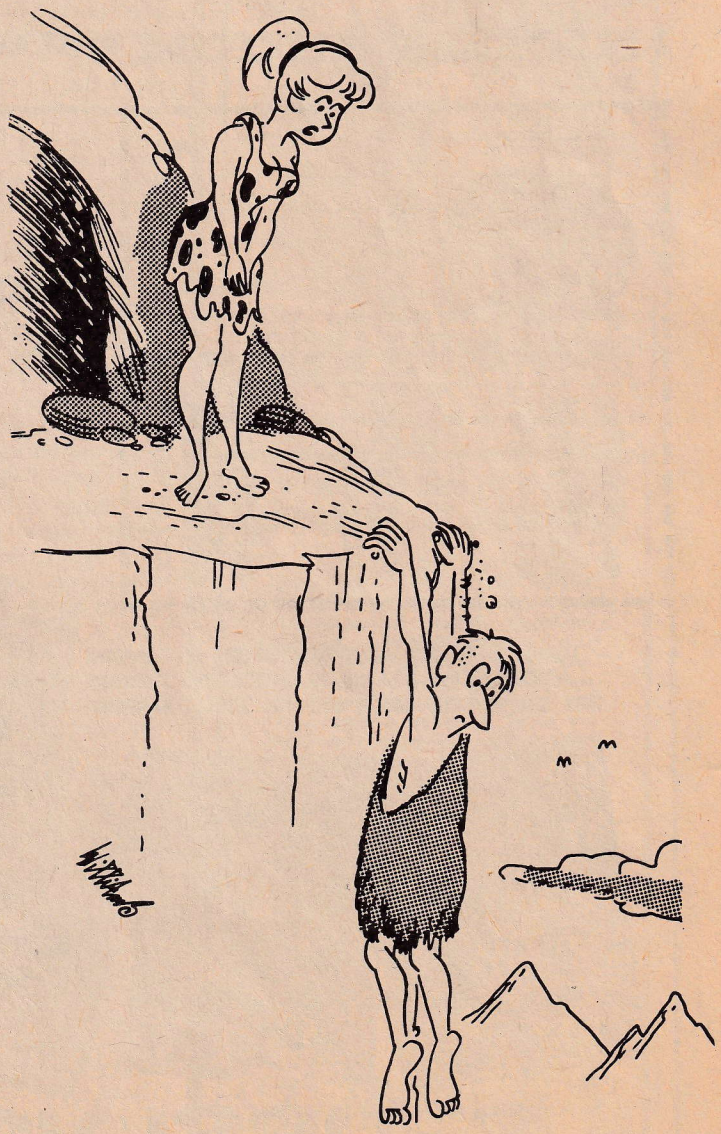
"My teacher said rabbits multiply quicker than anything else," Jimmy said, "but this dumb cluck can't even add."

Rea Miller
820 Smith Ave.
Lansing 10, Mich.

●

One day a teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Please excuse Paul for being absent. It was his father's fault."

Pat Kelly
5025 S. Gramercy
Los Angeles 62, Calif.



"Father doesn't want you hanging around here any more, Ooga!"

OFF BALLANCE

by Bill Ballance, KFWB Hollywood Quip-Jockey, Inventor of power-drive shopping carts for Sluggish Shoplifters.

Well, it looks as if my secretary, Pauline Possumlips, is going to have to get new glasses. She went on a picnic yesterday and mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry.

Speaking of matters optical, I saw this ad yesterday in the Zuma Beach Breeze: *Elderly lady with hearing aid would like to meet elderly gentleman with new batteries. Object: Stereo.*

Note to you girls who are going steady, but who still complain about other girls flirting with your guy. Remember, *you've* got the bonfire—all they're getting is the sparks!

Certainly it's fun to be a disk jockey, and I'm glad I am one. It was either that or study scissors-grinding with my Dad. Right now, I'm supplementing my income by patenting, among other things, All-bran cigarettes, horizontally-striped bathtubs (so the rings won't show), and I'm also trying to cross a mink with chicken hawk. Why? To see the fur fly. Phew!

Well, you can't win 'em all—as long as polygamy is illegal.

My former secretary, Gloria Gleep, says she isn't looking for a man in his flaming youth, but she *does* want one whose pilot light is still flickering. This doll has been an old maid so long, they're going to do her life story on TV's Too Late Show.

Just got back from the Fresno Olive Festival and I learned one thing—when you kiss an Olive Queen against her wishes, she's liable to pit at you.

Herewith this edition's example of an unremunerative outlay of capital: taking your sister out on a date.

The training for business life in our schools will never be completely realistic until they allow the students to leave in the middle of class for a coffee break.

Since the last issue of this discerning publication, I've successfully crossed a tobacco plant with a Mexican jumping bean. Result: a cigarette that flicks its own ashes.

More and more, I get the feeling that this is the year I'll find a bride. Like last night, for instance. I was at this girl's house for three hours and twice I made her glance up from her embroidery hoop!

There are only two ways to handle women. And if anyone knows what they are, please let me know.

Rather sad episode here in Hollywood the other day. Producer started to choke to death on a Miltown, didn't succeed, so he hung himself with his money belt.

Disk jockey here in Hipsterville is really confused. Today he told his psychiatrist that he keeps thinking *his* inferiority complex is bigger and better than anyone else's!

Many a girl has gotten first-hand information in a second-hand car.

Remember, men: with most girls, when she says "NO!" it's like a comma—it doesn't mean a complete stop.

By now, you probably know what it is that Whistler's Mother is gazing at so rapturously: She's watching her son do a guest shot on television.

And now, power-gliding to new heights of verbal dissonance, I'd like to reveal a new slogan I've whomped up for my show: the listener is always right . . . in the middle.

A friend of mine is so scared of getting lung cancer from smoking that he's even stopped dating cigarette girls.

Don't be too greedy in your pursuit of money. After all, money isn't everything. I've discovered, for example, that money isn't plentiful.

Well, that's life.

Swap-A-Yell

with LES KANGAS

A - B - C
What are we?
A for action
B for bizzz
C for courage
Oh! gee whiz
Don't you worry
Don't you fret
Good old (name of school)
Isn't beat yet!

Barbara Turner
Lennaxville High School
Lennaxville, Quebec
CANADA

ICE CREAM
I scream, you scream
We all scream for our team!

Carolyn Clark
Cordova, ALASKA

JITTERBUG
Jitterbug, jitterbug all around
Here come the Rams struttin' thru town
Flat foot floogie, with a floy floy
We've gotta team (clap-clap)
Oh! Boy!

Boyd Public School
Pat Tanhoff
Boyd, Minnesota

GEORGIA PEACHES
Georgia peaches, Texas cactus
We play (opponent) just for practice
Yeah! Lewisburg!

Lewisburg Jr. High School
Farris Douglas
Birmingham, Alabama

WHO ARE THEY
(Opponents) (Opponents)
Who are they?
Little bitty Indians
Stuffed with hay!
Wash 'em out, wring 'em out
Hang 'em on the line!
We can beat (opponents)
Any old time!

Odette Meff
Sacred Heart All Girls Academy
Biloxi, Miss.

SHOOT IT
Shoot it in the basket
Dribble on the floor
Come on team
Let's raise that score!

Nancy Hunt
Rochester Junior High
Rochester, Michigan

PLEASE DON'T

STOP

DIG MAGAZINE

SMILE

I want to see your cavities.

DIG MAGAZINE

DUG

THE MAGAZINE FOR LINING GARBAGE PAILS

Daddy, daddy... what's the matter?

I just wasted a quarter on this lousy magazine.

HEY! This here is really the REAR END of your DIG magazine. It comes FREE when you buy the FRONT END!

IF YOU DON'T HAVE A VERY STRONG STOMACH, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER PUT BOTH ENDS BACK ON THE NEWSSTAND AND JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

Of course, if you **DO** have a strong stomach (and eyes good enough to read small type like this) why don't you give the poor miserable tool who runs this newsstand your quarter? Then hide this wretched magazine under your coat QUICK before anyone sees the kind of miserable pschlrggt you waste your money on!

Now go home! Go on, shoo!